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THE  
VETERAN'S BRIDE,  
AND OTHER POEMS.

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STORIES OF THE LATE WAR.

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BY ✓  
ALTA ISADORE GOULD.

ILLUSTRATED.

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P. D. FARRELL & CO., PUBLISHERS,  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

1894.

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## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	7
THE VETERAN'S BRIDE . . . . .	II
INTRODUCTION TO PART FIRST . . . . .	II
PART FIRST . . . . .	13
INTRODUCTION TO PART SECOND . . . . .	25
PART SECOND . . . . .	26
INTRODUCTION TO PART THIRD . . . . .	63
PART THIRD . . . . .	64
THE VETERAN'S STORY . . . . .	94
THE FATE OF WAR . . . . .	113
MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR . . . . .	139
ALLAN WORTH (a story in two parts) . . . . .	145
PART SECOND . . . . .	159
THE SOLDIER'S LETTER . . . . .	171
THAT BUCKET OF MARMALADE . . . . .	177
WILLIE LEE . . . . .	189

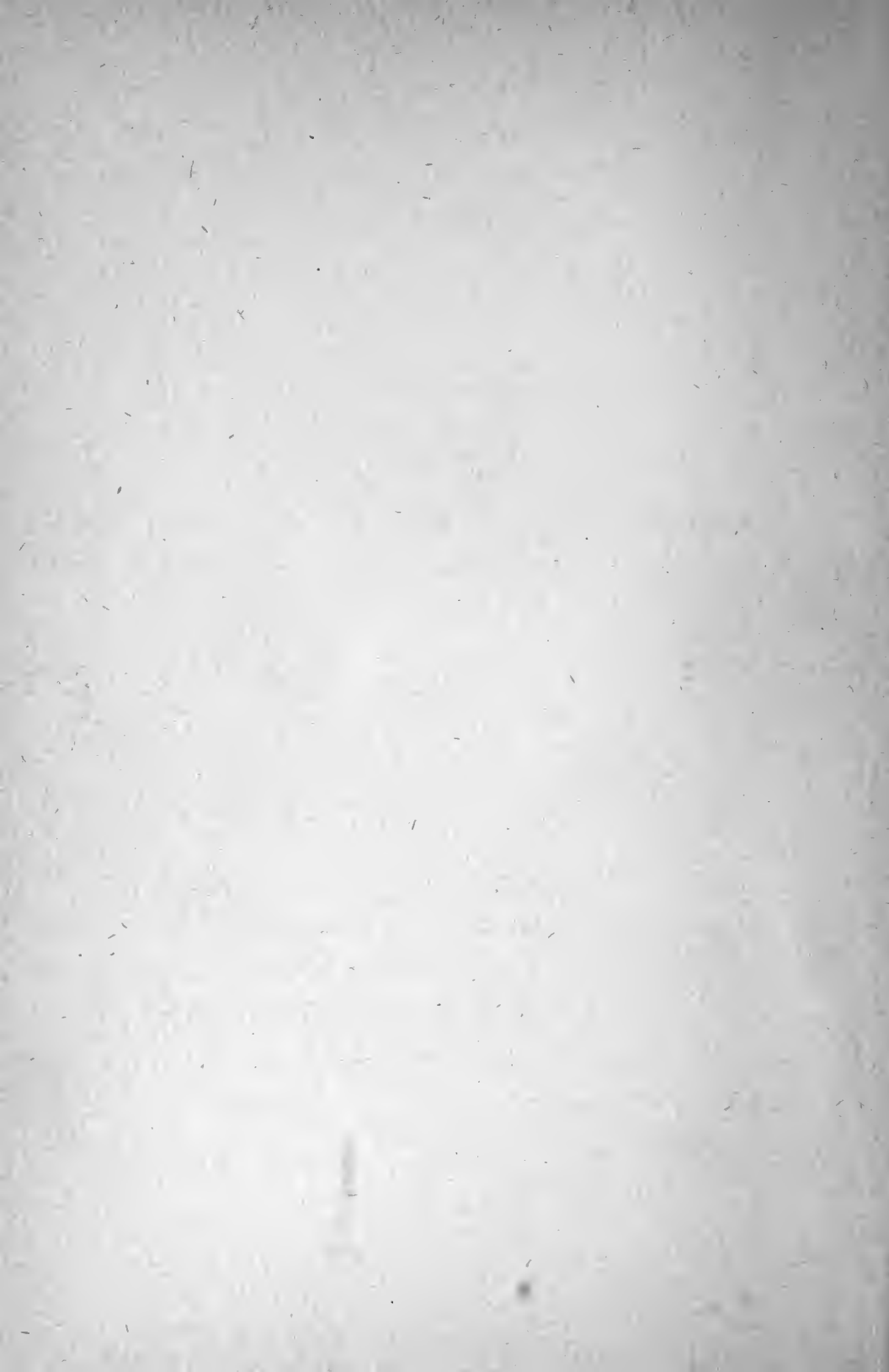
	PAGE
MICHIGAN PINE . . . . .	231
WHITTIER . . . . .	233
AN AUTUMN IDYL . . . . .	235
ABRAHAM LINCOLN . . . . .	239
MOONLIGHT MUSINGS . . . . .	243
MEMORIAL DAY . . . . .	247
OUR FLAG . . . . .	249
COLUMBIA . . . . .	251



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

	PAGE
Matthew Henry leaving for the battlefield . . . . .	17
Mrs. Henry hears her husband is dead . . . . .	23
Farmer Mace proposes marriage to Mrs. Henry . . . . .	45
Matthew Henry gets sight of his little daughter, but dare not let her know who he is . . . . .	55
Matthew Henry discloses his identity and gives away his daughter who supposed he had been dead eighteen years . . . . .	89
The only idol of my heart, and we till death no more shall part (Matthew's and Jennie's second marriage) . . . .	109
Rupert confesses to his father that he killed his brother Melvin . . . . .	135
Opening the bucket of marmalade that proved to be soft soap . . . . .	185
Willie Lee arrives home . . . . .	213



## INTRODUCTION.

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NO doubt but this little book will find a welcome in many households. The brave soldier's bride and other thrilling incidents of our late Civil War will be found full of interest.

I had two years' experience in the war and can truly say that I have known and have seen counterparts of every scene represented that I have examined within these pages. I recall one instance of a comrade's marrying the self-sacrificing widow whose brave soldier husband was slain by his mistaken brothers. Another incident I can never forget. As the two opposing forces were about to engage in battle, a young Confederate soldier saw his brother within the Union ranks and said to his comrade, "Oh, don't shoot in that direction! brother George stands there! and then, pointing in another direction, "don't shoot that way, father is there!" "I'll shoot between them," was the reply.

I cried in the depths of my soul, "How long, O Lord! how long before we can cross over this red sea of blood into the promised land of peace, where brother shall be arrayed against brother no more forever?"

As our rhymist has herself married a brave and crippled soldier, she knows whereof she speaks.

I thank the Lord and take courage as I see the Grand Arbitration principle prevailing in so many nations and may it soon triumph! May the God of peace and love hasten the glad day when the glorious anthem that astonished and amazed the shepherds of Judea's hills at the birth of the world's Redeemer, shall reverberate from every mountain top, and every valley re-echo the heavenly refrain, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men!"

LAURA S. HAVILAND.

TO SOLDIERS,  
THE BRAVE DEFENDERS OF OUR COUNTRY,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.

○ ○ ○

Brave Boys in Blue, your camp-fire song  
Will soon be hushed, the shadows long  
Will merge into the shades of night,  
And soon you'll join the Boys in White.  
For cruel time's relentless hand  
Is thinning fast the gallant band,  
And soon will sleep beneath the yew  
The remnant of our Boys in Blue.



## THE VETERAN'S BRIDE.

*In Three Parts.*

---

### INTRODUCTION TO PART FIRST.

TRUTH is stranger far than fiction,  
I have heard this from my youth ;  
But romance, in wildest diction,  
Is not half as strange as truth.

I'll endeavor to convince you  
That this thought is strictly true,  
If you will but kindly follow  
This my humble story through.

There are certain rights I crave not,  
To a very great extent ;  
Let men vote and do the fighting,  
I am perfectly content.

But let woman think profoundly,  
Let her battle with her pen,  
And assert her claim to genius,  
On an equal plane with men.

Woman, too, can tell a story  
Just as well as any man,  
Unless we except, it may be,  
Now and then a veteran.

And, although the tale I've written  
May seem overdrawn to you,  
Stranger things befel, remember,  
Many a gallant boy in blue.



## PART FIRST.

---

### CHAPTER I.

**I**N a pleasant rural district  
Of our own dear native state,  
Lays the scene of this, my story,  
Which I carefully relate.

Where the wheatfields stretched in greenness  
O'er a country wondrous fair,  
And the breath of sweet old orchards  
Filled the clear and ambient air,

Peopled by old-fashioned farmers,  
Men who made no great pretense,  
Patriotic, loyal, honest,  
Blest with good sound common sense,

Dwelt our hero and heroine,  
Who were neither great nor grand,  
But just quiet, honest people,  
Happy tillers of the land.

True, a modest pride they cherished,  
That they sprung from worthy stock,  
For they traced direct their lineage  
Back to grand old Plymouth rock.

Matthew Henry and his consort  
Were a happy loving pair ;  
Matthew, tall, of noble bearing,  
Jennie, gentle, sweet and fair.

Margaret, their little daughter,  
Was the sunshine of their home,  
And they lived in sweet contentment,  
Dreaming not that harm could come.

They saw not the cloud of discord  
Which was now so soon to break  
Over our devoted country  
And such awful havoc make.

But when boomed the guns of Sumter,  
Which were echoed far and wide,  
Then were loyal hearts unnumbered,  
Fired by patriotic pride,

Ready to repel the treason  
Threat'ning now the nation's life,  
And to Lincoln's call responding,  
Volunteered to join the strife.

And the Matthew of our story  
Joined at once the gallant band,  
Rushing promptly to the rescue  
Of our now unhappy land ;

And, he sought his native village,  
Where in boyhood he had played,  
And, in ringing, loyal speeches,  
Now his country's need portrayed.

Like the music of the clarion,  
Or the thrilling bugle note,  
Were the burning words he uttered ;  
As upon the air they float

They arouse his honest hearers,  
For their hearts are loyal too,  
They can make but one decision  
What a patriot should do.

And, at once, they rally round him,  
Eager to commence the fray,  
Bound to lose, in hesitation,  
Not another precious day.

Soon a company enlisted,  
Matthew Henry at its head ;  
Then, returning to his fireside,  
He to Jennie softly said—

“ Darling wife, I soon must leave you,  
For our country calls for men,  
And no one, with truth, shall ever  
Say a Henry faltered when

“ She was calling for assistance  
In a great and righteous cause,  
Or has basely shrank from duty  
While a foe defied her laws.”



MATTHEW HENRY LEAVING FOR THE BATTLEFIELD.

Jennie heard with resignation  
Words which rent her loving heart,  
And with self-control heroic  
Saw him hastening to depart.

Thus to country's cause, her daughters  
Truest loyalty displayed,  
And in silent grief and anguish  
Priceless sacrifices made.

Though these men, their homes were leaving  
For long months, perhaps for years,  
Few the days, they gave to grieving,  
Few to vain regrets and fears.

Well we knew that of their number,  
Many loyal hearts, and true,  
Would be stilled, and now their loved ones  
Listened to their last adieu.

At the hour for final parting,  
Matthew came to Jennie's side,  
In whose wildly throbbing bosom,  
Mingled tenderness and pride.

One last kiss he gave his baby,  
Took a fond farewell of wife,  
And upon his country's altar  
Laid his honor and his life.

## CHAPTER II.

Just how eagerly the papers  
Now were looked for, seized and read,  
Only those can well remember  
Who perused with fear and dread.

And in homes, what desolation  
Has their columns often wrought !  
Oh, how many hearts been broken  
By the messages they brought !

But as Jennie watched their record,  
Oft her heart with pride was thrilled,  
As she learned her noble husband  
Had so well his trust fulfilled.

Valorous was he in battle,  
Loved by all in his command ;  
None had ever led more wisely,  
Or a braver little band.



Jennie had her little weakness,  
As have mortals, one and all,  
While so fondly proud of Matthew,  
She forgot that he might fall.

Though unbounded the devotion  
Of this loyal little wife,  
Still her dreams were of promotion  
Which might crown her husband's life.

### CHAPTER III.

It was after dreadful carnage,  
Which had thinned our bravest ranks,  
One of those dire, useless conflicts  
Where the officers were cranks,

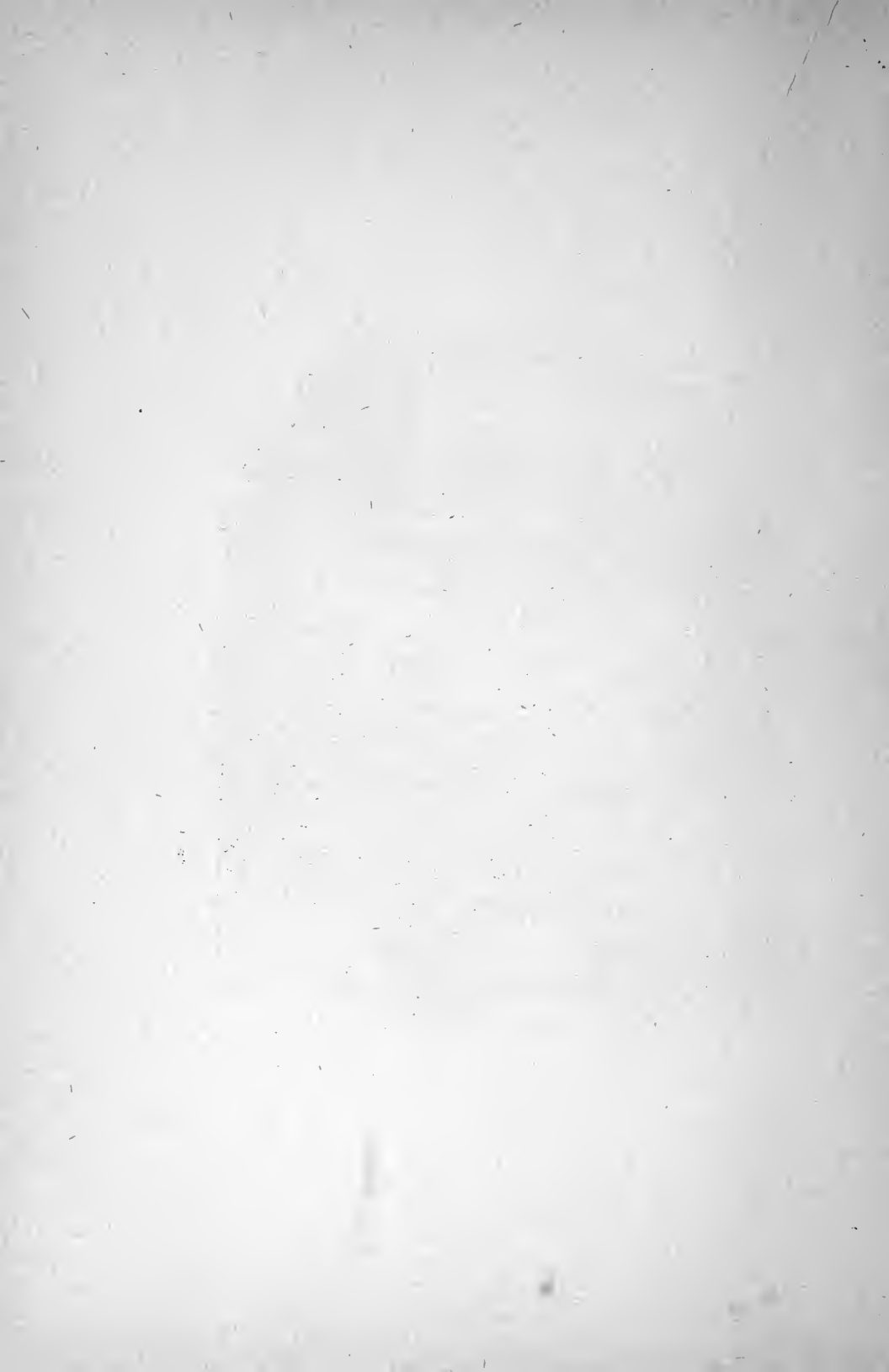
When among our fallen heroes,  
The dispatches briefly said,  
That the gallant Captain Henry  
Was reported to be dead.

True, they had not found his body,  
But his comrades saw him fall;  
And upon that little household  
Fell the tidings like a pall.

Oh, the bright dreams now are over!  
And the night of grief is come,  
Jennie, broken-hearted Jennie!  
Sits within a darkened home.



MRS. HENRY HEARS HER HUSBAND IS DEAD.



INTRODUCTION TO PART SECOND.

'TIS sad to think that wars will come  
To wreck and rob the sacred home,  
And all the cherished ties of life  
Be sacrificed to blood and strife.

But thus it is, has always been,  
Since Cain first steeped his soul in sin,  
And raised his fratricidal hand,  
Bloodshed and war have cursed the land.

O blessed day! when we shall see  
The dawn of earth's grand Jubilee;  
When envy, malice, strife shall cease,  
And reigns o'er all the Prince of Peace.

## PART SECOND.

---

### CHAPTER I.

**B**UT, while I ponder and reflect,  
My humble story I neglect;  
I will the broken thread resume,  
Lest on your patience I presume.

Three years have passed o'er Jennie's head.  
Since peace her snowy pinions spread  
Once more above our native land.  
Time touched her with no gentle hand,  
For on that fair and comely face  
Has sorrow plainly left its trace.  
Her eyes are sadly dimmed by tears  
She shed in these dark, lonely years.  
But for her child she fain would die,  
And lay life's heavy burden by,

Find in the silent grave repose  
And blest release from earthly woes.  
But she reflects, to her was given  
This child, the choicest gift of heaven,  
For her to train and guide in youth  
In paths of purity and truth.

Her Maggie is a lovely child  
Of winning sweetness when she smiled ;  
She had her father's eye of blue  
And clustering curls of sunny hue ;  
A joyous little sprite is she  
And seems just bubbling o'er with glee.

Though still too young to sympathize  
With grief that dims her mother's eyes,  
Her witching ways and merry mood  
Oft do the mother untold good ;  
And Jennie, for her daughter's sake,  
Strove from her lethargy to wake,  
To less indulge in sorrow wild,  
And make life pleasant for her child.  
In blessing others all are blest,  
And Jennie's aching heart found rest,

And learned in time this truth to know,  
That life could blessings still bestow ;  
Learned that she had in heaven a friend  
Whose love and care could never end,  
And is submissive to His will,  
That He would guide and bless her still.  
Again a peaceful smile she wore  
And mingled with the world once more.

Jennie, though always frugal, still  
Had little monetary skill.  
Her simple wants had been supplied  
By funds which Matthew laid aside,  
At length these failed, her farm was tilled  
But poorly, and by hands unskilled ;  
And now the fear of want supplies,  
The complement of miseries.

A thing of beauty is the vine  
Seen round some firm support to twine,  
But often are its tendrils torn  
And the frail growth is downward borne  
As the firm prop is rent away  
And prostrate, without strength or stay,



Lies all this beauty which we prize  
Unable from the dust to rise.

Like and unlike the clinging vine  
Was this brave heroine of mine;  
She leaned on Matthew's stronger arm,  
Nor never dreamed that want could harm,  
Till when in battle he was slain,  
And she, o'erwhelmed with grief and pain,  
Now seemed in her extreme distress  
To sink in utter helplessness.  
But grief indulged from day to day  
Soon saps the energies away,  
While no relief it gives, the mind  
Is for life's duties disinclined.  
When Jennie came this truth to see  
She fought her fate heroically,  
And rising with a purpose stern  
Soon made her home-light brightly burn.

Her mind had carefully been trained,  
At an Ann Arbor school she gained,  
Like many daughters of our state,  
The honors of a graduate.

Her knowledge to account she turned,  
Soon with her pen a sum she earned,  
Which with the rent, amply supplied  
Their needs, and luxuries beside.  
Thus she wrought on with hand and brain,  
And found in labor, ease for pain.

And now the busy days went by,  
It seemed to Jennie, rapidly.  
Her Margaret had reached the age  
When she in study must engage,  
Nor longer all her time be spent  
In play, and now to school was sent  
While Jennie spent long lonely days  
Missing her daughter's sunny ways.

## CHAPTER II.

Near Jennie's modest little home  
A quiet man had lately come  
And bought the farm and residence  
Which once was owned by Joseph Spence.  
Joseph for country gave his life,  
And grief soon killed his frail young wife ;  
His children to an uncle went  
Who left the farm for sale or rent.  
But war had thinned the ranks of men,  
And many farms were vacant then ;  
Thus had it been with Joseph's place  
'Till purchased by Nathaniel Mace.

The man whose name now first appears  
Had been a wanderer for years ;  
But lately left a foreign shore  
And sought his native land once more,  
And in the humble tale we trace  
His name will fill an honored place.

An orphan he was early left  
Of every kindred tie bereft,  
Except some cousins in the West.  
Nathaniel, with a vague unrest,  
While still a youth had left his home  
For years in foreign lands to roam.  
He sought all lands which tourists seek,  
And learned their languages to speak ;  
He saw all sights which tourists see,  
Listened to foreign minstrelsy,  
And yet the land which gave him birth  
Still seemed the fairest spot on earth ;  
His mother tongue had still for him  
More music than cathedral hymn.

Yearning to see his home once more  
He left, at length, the distant shore  
And now, a lonely homesick man,  
Had drifted into Michigan.

His destination the far West,  
But tarrying for awhile to rest  
At Thorndale, lying in his way :  
He lingered on from day to day.

Won by the beauty of the place,  
Our traveler, Nathaniel Mace,  
Tired of the roving life he led,  
Purchased the farm, as we have said,  
And there, his weary wanderings past,  
He found a peaceful home at last.

His farm soon blossomed like the rose,  
He found good friends and made no foes,  
And seemed in every way to be  
A man of strict integrity.  
His neighbors held him in esteem,  
And his success was oft their theme ;  
His friends had often seemed perplexed,  
And some good wives were fairly vexed  
To think that such a man as he  
A staid old bachelor should be.

But at his warm and honest heart  
Cupid had never aimed a dart ;  
Of women he was somewhat shy,  
He hardly knew the reason why ;  
Perhaps he had not met his fate,  
But it was getting rather late,

For he was now in middle life,  
With every comfort, but a wife.  
There lived within his neighborhood  
A score of maidens, fair and good,  
But to their charms he seemed too blind,  
Their flattering coquetries to mind,  
And plodding on from day to day,  
He calmly went his lonely way.

Of books he had a goodly store  
And seemed to prize them even more  
Than crops or stock or meadow land;  
One often saw him, book in hand,  
Deeply intent on farming lore,  
Or conning some rare poem o'er.  
His books were his companions sweet  
And seemed to make his life complete.

One neighbor gravely shook his head,  
"A farmer student this," he said,  
"Although the man I much respect  
I fear he will his farm neglect."  
But for such fear there was no ground,  
As everybody shortly found,

For while he read and studied much  
Everything prospered 'neath his touch.  
A quiet smile his face o'erspread  
When told of what his neighbor said,  
He pleasantly replied at once,  
"A farmer need not be a dunce."

### CHAPTER III.

And such a man was he who came  
And settled near our little dame,  
While Jennie rightly judged that he  
A valued neighbor was to be.  
He saw her daily toiling hard  
And had for her a kind regard;  
“Poor little woman,” and he sighed,  
“Tis sad her husband should have died  
And left her in this cruel plight,  
Life’s battles all alone to fight.”

He often loaned her books to read,  
Thought this the kindest thing, indeed,  
Which he could do, “for oft,” said he,  
“Books are the best of company.”  
She, too, was very fond of books,  
And thanked him with such grateful looks,  
He deemed himself more than repaid  
For the slight efforts he had made.



Months passed, their friendship grew  
apace,  
And brighter grew each earnest face,  
So calmly did their lives glide on,  
'Twere hard to tell when they begun  
To cherish sentiments so sweet  
That life was rendered more complete,  
At least, for him whose manly heart  
Had, until now, remained apart  
From everything akin to love ;  
For him the stars which gleamed above,  
Studding the azure skies at night,  
Seemed sparkling with an added light,  
And birds which sang in sylvan shade  
For him a sweeter music made.

Nathaniel Mace was now in love ;  
In such eccentric orbits move  
This passion of the human heart,  
Defying every rule and art,  
That he who fled from maidens' wile  
Was conquered by the widow's smile,  
Cherished for her a love so true  
That, with the latest breath he drew,

It burned as constant, pure and bright,  
As when he yielded to its might.

No thought did Jennie entertain  
That she could ever love again ;  
Her heart had long been buried deep  
In Matthew's nameless grave to sleep,  
Till she from earth should pass away  
And join him in an endless day.  
True, she had friendship, firm and strong  
For this kind friend who came along  
And threw upon her lonely way  
One bright, illuminating ray  
That often cheered her lonely life ;  
The thought that she might be his wife  
Had entered not her busy brain ;  
He came and went, then came again  
Bringing her music, books and flowers  
And spending many happy hours.

With Maggie he had friendship made ;  
The two would wander 'neath the shade,  
And laugh and chat and be as gay  
As two small children at their play.

For her he always had a smile  
Which would her childish woes beguile ;  
To him the wilful little sprite  
Was like a ray of sunshine bright.

A very timid man was he,  
As bachelors are apt to be,  
It would require an effort great  
For him to speak and learn his fate.  
Should this love fail to crown his life  
No woman e'er should be his wife,  
This to himself he oft would say,  
Then wait a more auspicious day.  
At length, he summoned courage up  
To learn, for him what filled life's cup,  
Held it a draught of love's delight?  
Or one his happiness to blight?

One evening, when his work was done,  
And down the west had dropped the sun  
Into a sea of molten gold,  
And twilight waited to enfold  
The sweet old earth in robe of gray,  
Nathaniel took his thoughtful way

To Jennie's charming home once more,  
Pondering the weighty question o'er.

He found the mother and her child,  
Engaged in frolic gay and wild,  
But Jennie paused on seeing him  
And was again a matron prim.

Nathaniel sat down quietly  
And took the child upon his knee,  
He spoke of crops and weather fine,  
Told of an accident at a mine,  
And wandered on from theme to theme,  
Like vagrant thought in troubled dream,  
But not a word could find to say  
Of what had filled his mind all day.

At length he paused, while all was still  
The blithe song of the whip-poor-will  
Floated upon the evening air  
And seemed to him an omen fair.

Maggie had fallen fast asleep,  
And now her breathing, full and deep,

Roused Jennie from a reverie,  
"I'll put the child to bed," said she.  
Nathaniel, growing bolder, said,  
As he caressed the golden head  
And kissed the fair and childish brow,  
"Oh, do not take her from me now,  
Give her to me, to cheer my life,  
And let her mother be my wife ;  
You hold the first love of my heart,  
I cannot live from you apart."

He spoke in such impetuous way  
That Jennie knew not what to say ;  
At length she spoke with tremb'ling voice,  
"I am surprised at this, your choice,  
I long your friendship have esteemed,  
Of aught like this I never dreamed."

With heart and brain in tumult wild  
She gently raised the sleeping child,  
Strove, as she robed her for repose,  
Her agitation to compose,  
And when again she sought the room,  
Nathaniel hastened to resume.

“This may come suddenly to you,  
To me the thought is nothing new ;  
This time may not be opportune,  
Perhaps I’ve spoken quite too soon,  
To me it seems I’ve waited long,  
I will be patient, brave and strong,  
And no decision you may make  
My firm regard will ever shake.”

A kind, “good night,” and he was gone,  
Jennie sat musing there alone ;  
She knew this man who sought her hand,  
Possessed a nature good and grand,  
That he would be a husband true,  
A father to her daughter, too.

Matthew, she never could forget !  
She seemed, indeed, to see him yet.  
The hot tears gathered one by one,  
While thinking of the loved one gone  
To a nameless grave in Southern soil ;  
Then came to mind the years of toil  
Which she in loneliness passed through,  
The darkest hours one ever knew,

A long and dreary, starless night  
With scarce a single ray of light  
Till this friend came and day by day  
Spoke cheering words in kindly way.  
How could she send him from her now?  
A warm flush mantled cheek and brow,  
As at the thought of losing him,  
Again her eyes with tears grew dim,  
I doubt not his sincerity—  
Perhaps I better bid him stay.

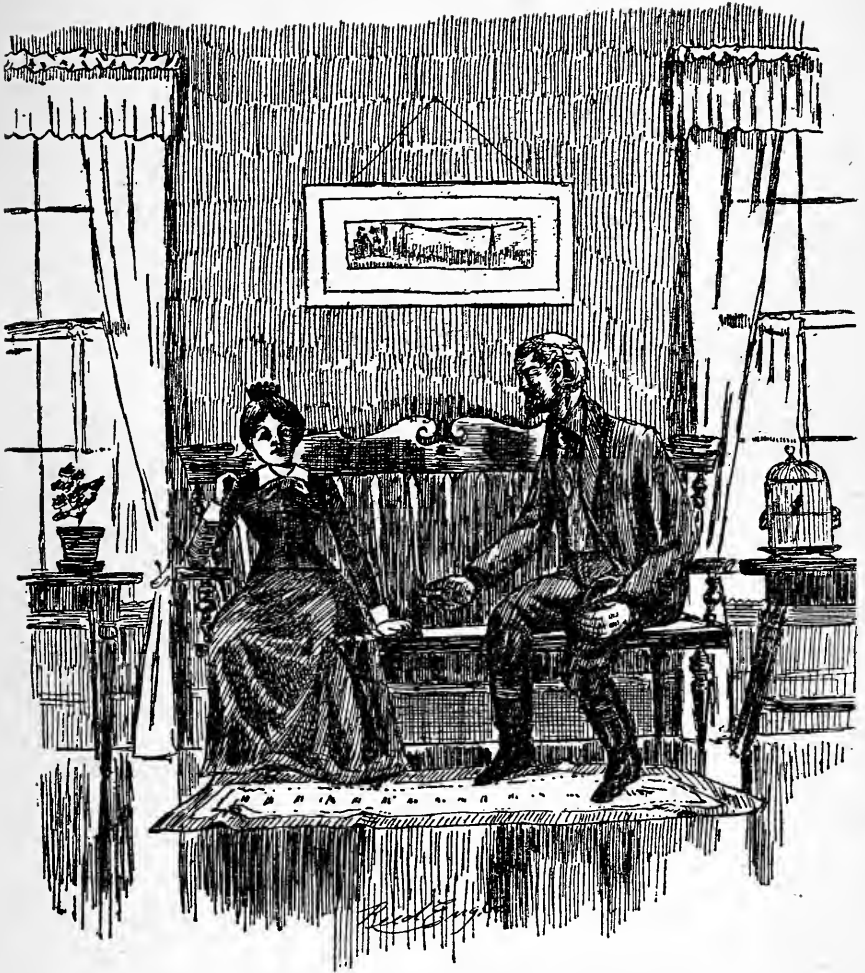
But little sleep had she that night,  
And rising with the morning light,  
Resumed her daily tasks and tried  
Calmly to wait the evening-tide,  
For well she knew when work was o'er  
He'd seek again her cottage door.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The evening came so sweet and cool,  
The little maid, tired out at school,  
Reposed upon her snowy bed;  
The mother sat, with drooping head,  
Praying there might be no mistake  
In the grave step she thought to take.

As thus she sat, Nathaniel came  
An answer to his suit to claim,  
And they talked long and solemnly  
Of what the future was to be.  
She said the tender love of youth,  
She could not promise him in truth,  
Like that which she so freely gave  
To him who fills a soldier's grave,  
And felt a sorrowful concern,  
His love should meet so poor return;  
Said he deserved a better fate,  
Than choose a heart so desolate.





FARMER MACE PROPOSES MARRIAGE TO MRS. HENRY.

Nathaniel said, "Give me the right  
To make your future calm and bright;  
I ask no better fate to know  
Than win the love you may bestow.  
I've traveled much, in many a clime,  
Seen lovely maidens in my time,  
But in your own fair face I see  
The bright star of my destiny."

So 'twas arranged between the two  
That they should walk life's journey through  
Together, treading hand in hand,  
Its pathway to a better land.  
Nathaniel said, the early fall  
Must see them settled at the hall.

The autumn came with golden store  
Of grain and fruit, the soft winds bore  
Across the meadows sweet perfume,  
Unrivalled by the breath of June.  
The wedding day was drawing near,  
Forgotten now was Jennie's fear,  
Nathaniel's face a bright smile wore,  
For his misgivings all were o'er;

His heart with sweet emotions thrilled,  
His cherished hope would be fulfilled.

Jennie wished the affair to be  
Conducted with simplicity,  
And he, respecting her request,  
Said it should be as she thought best.  
So it was settled that a few  
Intimate friends the rite should view.  
Thus Jennie with her sweet fair face  
Was wedded to Nathaniel Mace.

They left the modest little home,  
Which dear to Jennie had become,  
The tiny cottage which she loved,  
And to Nathaniel's mansion moved,  
Which he enlarged and beautified  
For the reception of his bride.

"Now, Jennie," said the thrifty Mace,  
"I'll put a good man on your place,  
And when our Maggie is of age,  
She'll have a goodly heritage."

A happy family they proved,  
Never was wife more dearly loved,  
And Maggie said, in childish glee,  
That she was happy as could be.

A father's care she had not known  
And to Nathaniel as her own,  
She turned in childish trust and love  
Which could not fail his heart to move,  
And never to his dying day,  
Did he that childish trust betray.

Two years of sweet, contented life,  
Pass o'er Nathaniel and his wife,  
And now their hearts are closer bound,  
By a new tie but lately found,  
A baby boy has come to them,  
The rarest, fairest, brightest gem  
That ever fell to human lot.  
Their home always a sacred spot  
Has now an added tie to bind  
Them to each other, and mankind.  
A very happy man is Mace  
And fairly radiant is his face.

This cherished baby finely throve  
Beneath their watchful care and love;  
The sister hast'ned tasks to learn,  
That she the sooner might return  
To where the winsome baby boy  
Would greet her with a smile of joy.  
'Twas soon her task, when days were bright,  
To guide his little feet aright;  
And patiently, from day to day,  
She taught him pretty words to say,  
And an attachment, strong and true,  
Between the children daily grew.

## CHAPTER V.

The parents went, one summer day,  
To make some purchases at A—  
Leaving the child in Maggie's care ;  
They were a pretty loving pair,  
And in a deep arm-chair they sat,  
Filling the time with merry chat,  
Till it grew near his hour for rest,  
And sleep the little eyes oppressed,  
Then she arose, with careful tread,  
And placed him in his cradle bed ;  
Then sitting by his side to read,  
Of other objects took no heed.

She noticed not a man who lay  
Beneath the trees across the way.  
Weary was he and travel worn,  
His army blue was soiled and torn ;  
Arising very slowly he  
Now leaned against the nearest tree,

And standing there beneath the oak,  
Thus, softly to himself, he spoke.  
“Well, they are gone, I’m truly glad!  
It seemed awhile I must go mad,  
I’m very thirsty, and I think  
I’ll venture now and ask for drink.”  
He crossed the road with effort great,  
Then pausing leaned upon the gate.  
Unnoticed still was his approach,  
By the small maiden on the porch.

He stood and gazed upon the scene,  
The farmhouse white embowered in green,  
The vine-wreathed porch and occupants,  
Like one by vision fair entranced;  
Then such a look came to his eyes,  
As Adam wore when Paradise  
Behind him closed and he must roam  
Forever from his Eden home.  
Then reverently he bowed his head,  
“God bless them all,” he softly said.

A glance, and Maggie dropped her book,  
Sprang to her feet with startled look,

For she had seen the man at last ;  
Her heart with fear beat loud and fast,  
Why, thought she, should he stand and wait,  
Leaning so idly on the gate ?  
Was he a tramp from some great town ?  
And would he burn their buildings down ?  
Or could he know the folks were gone,  
And she and baby there alone ?  
With fears like these her musings swarm,  
Until she notes his uniform ;  
A Union soldier he has been,  
Thought Maggie, with a troubled mien ;  
She had been told that very day  
Always to turn a tramp away.

A soldier cannot be a tramp,  
Mused she, and then her eyes grew damp,  
My father was a soldier too,  
We should befriend the boys in blue.  
“ I'll just go to the gate,” said she,  
“ Perhaps he's hungry, I will see.”

She spoke to him respectfully,  
He said he came from far that day,



Was tired and thirsty, too, as well,  
He scarce the rising tears could quell;  
“Come in and rest, sir,” Maggie said,  
And to the house the way she led;  
Then she invited him inside,  
The farmhouse door was open wide,  
But he declined and said ’twere best  
Within the charming porch to rest.  
So Maggie, giving him a chair,  
A cooling drink went to prepare.

He was so thankful and polite,  
The girl had quite forgot her fright,  
And when he asked in quiet way  
Her name and age, without delay,  
Or thought of any indiscretion,  
She freely answered every question.

“My name is Margaret Henry, sir,  
My father in the Civil War  
Was killed in battle, I’ve been told,  
When I was only three years old.  
My age is twelve, and baby Fred  
Will soon be two years old,” she said.

“ We had a lovely little place,  
Till mamma married Mr. Mace,  
But then we thought it best to come  
Here to this larger, better home.”

The stranger, rising suddenly,  
“ I must be going now,” said he,  
“ I still have many miles to go,  
And travel very, very slow.”

“ Your home, is it so far away,  
And will you reach it, sir, to-day?”

“ I have no home,” the man replied,  
“ ’Twere well had I in battle died ;  
But now, good-by, ’tis growing late.”  
And he passed through the garden gate.

As Maggie watched him out of sight,  
She thought, he should have stayed all night.  
Just then the baby claimed her care,  
She took him to an easy chair,  
Where they together rocked and sung  
Until the room with music rung.



MATTHEW HENRY GETS SIGHT OF HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, BUT  
DARE NOT LET HER KNOW WHO HE IS.

The Maces now returned from town,  
Just as the sun was going down,  
And Maggie, with a childish shout,  
Declared they'd bought Arbela out.  
So busy now with parcels brought,  
The stranger vanished from her thought  
Till they were seated at their tea,  
Then it recurring suddenly,

“Mamma,” said she, “while you were gone  
A poor sick soldier came along,  
He leaned upon the garden gate  
And there he seemed to hesitate  
Whether 'twere better to come in;  
He was so weary, pale and thin,  
That I was not at all afraid,  
But bade him rest here in the shade,  
And gave him lemonade to drink,  
Was it wrong, mamma, do you think?”

“Had he not been a soldier, dear,  
You would have shrank from him in fear,  
Perhaps his story was not true,  
A rogue might wear a coat of blue.”

“ He told no story, mamma, dear,  
But only sat and rested here.  
He was so kind and courteous too,  
I know he was a soldier, true.”

“ Sound argument,” Nathaniel said,  
“ I doubt not but the truth you read,  
And he a soldier, ‘ honor bright,’  
My little girl, you did just right.”

## CHAPTER VI.

Tiresome, indeed, and useless too,  
'Twould be to follow details through,  
Their lives flow on so smoothly now,  
And tame is farm life, all allow.

Nathaniel added to his store  
Of wealth each season, more and more.  
Some said it puzzled them to know  
Why he was always prospered so.  
He could have told them that much lies  
Within the books which they despise.  
He learned to work the wisest way,  
And therein all the secret lay.

Maggie was gaining wisdom, too,  
With school life she would soon be through,  
At college she had gained a store  
Of musical and classic lore,

And soon the happy time would come  
When she could be once more at home.

Thus time slipped quietly away,  
Till suddenly there dawned a day,  
So full of anguish and despair,  
Would I recital could forbear.

The old farmhouse was hushed and still;  
Nathaniel Mace was very ill,  
And growing worse from day to day,  
Fever was burning life away;  
In spite of the physicians' skill,  
He lower sank, and lower still,  
Till Jennie, filled with anxious fears,  
Summoned the famous Dr. Sears,  
Nathaniel's friend, and thought the best  
Physician living in the West.

He watched the patient night and day,  
And soon he learned, to his dismay,  
That the death-angel even now  
Laid icy hand upon his brow,  
And calling Jennie told her so,  
Said nothing could avert the blow.

No need had he this truth to tell,  
For she already knew it well ;  
She knew the faithful heart which beat  
With love so constant, pure and sweet,  
Would soon be still, with sorrow strown,  
The pathway she must tread alone.

Within his room the husband lay,  
And calmly breathed his life away,  
And heeded not the anxious prayer  
Of one who knelt heart-broken there.  
All through that long and dreadful night,  
She held his hand so limp and white,  
And light of morning, cold and gray,  
Fell on a form of lifeless clay.

The old home wore a mournful air,  
For aching hearts were beating there ;  
But let our griefs be what they will,  
We must our destiny fulfill ;  
We may not lay our burdens down,  
Because the storm-clouds darkly frown,  
For till life's evening shadows fall,  
Is labor still required of all.



And now our friends took up the thread  
Of busy life, they mourned the dead,  
Still there was much which they must do,  
Their duties many, strange and new.

Jennie said that the farm would be  
To Fred a valued legacy.

True there was money laid away,  
Which would be his some future day,  
But still she wished the farm to thrive  
As when Nathaniel was alive,  
And to accomplish this desire,  
She strove more knowledge to acquire,  
That she might better fitted be,  
The management to oversee.

Maggie, who studies music still,  
Acquires each day a greater skill,  
The organ keys, touched by her hand,  
Respond with music rich and grand,  
While to its tones a voice she lends  
In which great power with sweetness blends.

Jennie in work still comfort finds,  
A solace this for troubled minds,

Sure it to her has been a boon,  
For health and vigor crown life's noon.  
Gray threads are in the sunny hair,  
But Jennie for her years is fair ;  
A life of mingled sun and storm  
Has left her heart still young and warm,  
And happy in her children's smile,  
We now will leave her for a while.

### INTRODUCTION TO PART THIRD.

TO you, gentle reader, whose patience supreme  
Has served you to follow my somber-hued theme,  
I promise a respite, ere farther we go,  
From numbers o'erburdened with sorrow and woe.

Our hearts have grown sick of a grief-laden strain,  
And beat not responsive to measures of pain ;  
Our harpstrings no longer to sorrow shall wake,  
But hope, joy and gladness the silence shall break.

And you, still pursuing the drift of my song,  
Shall, basking in sunshine, be floated along,  
And all which breathes sadness be hushed for a time,  
While sweet wedding bells peal a beautiful chime.

## PART THIRD.

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### CHAPTER I.

FOUR years have swiftly passed away :  
How fares it with our friends to-day ?  
Time writes his signature on all ;  
His hand on some will lightly fall ;  
Thus has it been with these our friends,  
A smiling heaven above them bends,  
No cause have they in these late years  
For harrowing grief or bitter tears,  
As all is peace and harmony,  
And clear the azure of their sky.

The baby, now a sturdy boy,  
His loving mother's pride and joy,  
Is growing into goodness rare  
Beneath her wise and patient care.

Margaret the maiden, fair and good,  
Grown to a glorious womanhood,  
Fulfills the promise of her youth,  
The soul of modesty and truth,  
Her form is one of perfect grace,  
And bright her sweet and lovely face ;  
Her eyes of blue with kindness beam,  
Emitting now and then a gleam  
Of the old roguish willfulness,  
Which makes one love her none the less.  
A wreath of curling golden hair  
Surmounts a brow as smooth and fair  
As ever was possessed by maid  
In terraced hall or sylvan glade.

Now you surmise, without a doubt,  
That others too, have found this out.  
I will confess that this was true,  
For she has suitors not a few ;  
But at nineteen this girl we see  
Still quite heart whole and fancy free.

One morning in the month of May,  
On a delightful Sabbath day,

When every bird voice was in tune,  
And the air sweet with fruit tree bloom,  
Jennie and those within her care,  
Departed for the house of prayer.

St. Mark's at Thorndale, they attend,  
The rector is an old time friend,  
And at her many friends' desire,  
Maggie had lately joined the choir.

Charmed by the beauty of the day,  
The party loitered on the way,  
And nearly late, with blushing face,  
Maggie this morning took her place.

Service was near the close before  
She glanced the congregation o'er,  
She then observed a tall young man—  
And thus her hurried musings ran,  
A stranger he must be in town,  
A relative, perhaps, of Brown,  
He sure an honored guest must be,  
Sits with the Judge himself, I see.  
They now commence the sacred hymn,  
At once all worldly thoughts grow dim,

As taking her accustomed part,  
She joined in praise with all her heart.  
The sweet old music rose and fell  
In grand, sublime, majestic swell,  
The melting strains seemed to extend,  
And with the benediction blend  
As the man of God in reverent way,  
Thus closed the service of the day.

## CHAPTER II.

Here in this quiet country town  
Lived rich, respected, old Judge Brown ;  
Reticent, gloomy and severe,  
And often looked upon with fear.  
Beside his sweet-faced little wife,  
He had few real friends in life ;  
While his integrity all knew,  
Still he was liked by very few.  
He had no child his love to claim,  
And sterner every year became.  
Perhaps he was not quite as cold  
As many stories that were told,  
Would make the worthy man appear,  
Rumors are often false, I fear.

One day as guest to this Judge Brown,  
A relative had come to town,  
A nephew he had never known,  
An only sister's only son.



This nephew, Sterling Gray, was now  
A student, and his pallid brow  
Betokened such unceasing toil  
As might its very object foil.  
This caused his mother anxious fear,  
She said, " You are not well, my dear,  
Just lay these tiresome books away  
And take a restful holiday."

She called her old physician in,  
Who said, " You do look pale and thin,  
Just rusticate a month or two,  
And you'll return as good as new.  
You've pored o'er books too much at night,  
And need a dose of good sunlight ;  
It would be well for you," he said,  
" To use your limbs and rest your head,  
Do anything that comes to hand,  
But first of all, get badly tanned,  
Do just as I now recommend  
And you'll need nothing else, my friend."

And having had his candid say  
The good old doctor went away.

“In view of this,” the mother said,  
“I’ll voice a wish I long have had,  
That you’d adopt my cherished plan  
And spend some time in Michigan.

“I’ve there a brother, as you know,  
One loved in the sweet long ago,  
Perhaps in memory of those days,  
He’ll lay aside his austere ways ;  
’Tis said that he is just in deal,  
But has a heart encased in steel.

“He has no children of his own  
And in the world is quite alone,  
If we except the dearest wife  
Who ever brightened such a life ;  
To her alone will he unbend,  
At least, I heard this from a friend.  
I’ve not seen John for many years,  
He may be milder than my fears  
Have pictured him, for I’ve been told  
That daily he grows stern and cold ;  
Then too, his letters, far apart,  
Reveal but little warmth of heart.

“Go see this uncle in his home,  
From out this visit good may come.  
You may a hearty welcome find,  
You’ll bear from me a message kind ;  
Tell him that in the dear old place  
Mary would gladly see his face,  
Say she now sends her only boy  
And hopes that it may give him joy  
To learn she still thinks every day  
Of the dear brother far away.  
Perhaps he may be glad, who knows ?  
And ere we go to our repose,  
Will with your father counsel take  
And should he no objection make,  
We’ll form our plans without delay,  
And soon will see you on your way.”

The father spoke the project fair,  
And all arrangements made with care,  
And soon, one pleasant day in spring  
Sterling commenced his journeying.

### CHAPTER III.

And thus it chanced in early May,  
A youthful traveler took his way  
Through Thorndale's streets, this little town  
Where stood the mansion of Judge Brown.  
A stranger he, one could discern,  
He asked the way at every turn,  
And when the dwelling caught his eye  
He breathed a weary, languid sigh;  
Unused to travel, weak, depressed,  
He reached at last this place of rest.

His journeying, for a time, was o'er  
And he was standing at the door  
Of relatives he never saw,  
And rung the bell almost with awe.  
A little maiden, neat and trim,  
Came very soon to answer him;  
"I wish," said he, "to see Judge Brown,"  
The girl replied, "He's out of town,

But he will not be long away.  
Returns, I think, on Saturday."

"I am his nephew from the East  
And shall remain a time, at least;  
My aunt, is she at home to-day?  
Please to announce me, Sterling Gray."

The aunt soon came, with smiling face,  
And met him with a warm embrace,  
"I'm very glad you've come," she cried,  
As she bestowed a glance of pride,  
"I should have known you instantly  
By the last photo. sent to me.  
But you are pale, and one can tell  
That you are tired and far from well;  
Rest and refreshment you must need,  
And supper shall be served with speed."

The meal dispatched, they soon adjourned  
To a neat, pleasant room, where burned  
Within the grate a glowing fire  
Which the cool evenings still require.  
"Now take this couch, my tired guest,"  
Said aunt, "I'll talk, but you must rest."

“I am so glad that you have come  
To see us in our quiet home ;  
Your parents I have never met,  
A fact I very much regret,  
John often speaks of sister May  
And says we’ll visit her some day.

“Too bad your uncle is not here !  
If memory serves me, ’tis a year  
Since he has been so long away,  
He seldom makes a lengthy stay ;  
Business detains him, I suppose,  
There was a mortgage to foreclose.”  
And thus she chatted gayly on  
Telling him much of Uncle John.

“He is regarded, so I hear,  
By some as heartless and severe,  
They’re wrong, he has a heart of gold  
And it is neither hard nor cold ;  
His natural reticence appears  
To grow upon him with his years,  
But he is just as good and kind  
As if to gayety inclined.

If you, my dear, should win his love  
He sure a steadfast friend will prove."  
Thus pleasantly the evening passed  
And they retired to rest at last.

The morning dawned, a glory bright  
Succeeded now the gloom of night,  
Pouring its radiance o'er the scene  
Of blooming tree, and field of green,  
And Sterling Gray stood looking down  
Upon the sleepy little town,  
Encircled by the grainfields wide,  
Stretching away on every side.  
A restful scene, thought Sterling Gray,  
I shall not haste to go away,  
That is, should uncle fancy me,  
He comes to-day and we shall see.  
The summons then to breakfast came,  
He saw his aunt appeared the same  
As she had done the night before,  
And knew he'd love her more and more.

The Judge returned, in courteous tone  
Gave welcome to his sister's son,

Though somewhat wanting in the charm  
Of the aunt's greeting, bright and warm,  
Which he received the previous day,  
Lacked not in hospitality.

Thought Sterling, mother judged aright,  
He's not morose, but chilly quite,  
But if I'm wise, without a doubt,  
I shall find means to thaw him out.

And here let me anticipate  
An incident of later date;  
The two conversing, it appears,  
Spoke of professional careers,  
The uncle asked of Sterling's bent,  
To what his talents would be lent?  
At the reply, "I'm reading law,"  
The Judge's smile betokened thaw,  
For next the love he bore his wife,  
Came this, the calling of his life.  
Thus oft are closest friendships based  
On similarity of taste.



#### CHAPTER IV.

The next day was the Sabbath fair,  
And to the church they all repair.  
They were the centre of all eyes  
And many a face expressed surprise,  
For it, indeed, was something new  
To see a stranger in that pew.

It was this young man, Sterling Gray,  
Whom Maggie saw in church that day ;  
She took but little notice then  
And scarcely thought of him again.  
But Sterling marked her winsome grace,  
And gazed with rapture on her face ;  
And when she sang, a voice so clear  
Fell so distinctly on his ear,  
It seemed with fervor to inspire,  
He heard no other in the choir ;  
It rose in clear exultant strain  
Like seraph's song on heavenly plain,  
Or so it seemed to Sterling Gray  
That peaceful, holy Sabbath day,

That day whose light would shine adown  
His path of life and sweetly crown  
With sacred halo bright and clear  
The days of each succeeding year.

Silent and thoughtful, Sterling Gray  
Took with his friends the homeward way,  
And later, as they were alone,  
Said to his aunt in eager tone,  
“Who is the girl with golden hair,  
And face so purely sweet and fair,  
Who sung soprano in the choir,  
With fervid reverential fire  
That fairly lifted one above  
This sordid life to heavenly love?”

“Just stop a moment, Sterling, pray,  
You nearly take my breath away,”  
His aunt replied in jesting tone,  
“To heights of fancy you have flown,  
And have a modest country maid  
In angels’ raiment now arrayed.  
Come back to earth while auntie tells  
Just where your sweet enchantress dwells.

From your description, I should say  
That she who carried you away  
With charming voice and lovely face  
The daughter is of Mrs. Mace,  
Who lives a little way from town,  
Fine people too," said Mrs. Brown.

"The daughter's name is Henry, though,  
Her father died long years ago ;  
She is a mortal, like yourself,  
And is, withal, a willful elf.  
Others have also thought her fair,  
Indeed, her type is rather rare.  
Now this is all I have to say,  
But if upon some future day  
You wish to her acquaintance make,  
I'll aid the matter for your sake."

The little woman turned to go,  
The nephew whistled soft and low,  
And thus expressed his great surprise  
At the acuteness of her eyes.  
She thinks that I am smitten, quite,  
Perhaps she is not far from right.

## CHAPTER V.

Not many weeks had slipped away  
Before our young friend, Sterling Gray,  
Had found a little shady dell,  
Where a small, limped trout stream fell  
And rippled on in silver sheen,  
Quite overhung with maples green,  
Which shaded from the sun's fierce rays,  
Through all the long, bright summer days.

Here in his favorite retreat,  
Secure alike from noise and heat,  
He often sat with line and hook,  
But oftener with some pleasant book.

One day he thus had spent an hour,  
When, lo! he saw a summer shower  
Swiftly arising in the west  
And for a shelter went in quest.

As he perceived the nearest place  
To be the home of Mrs. Mace,  
Hitherward bound, with agile tread,  
He through the field and meadow fled,  
Reached this asylum of his choice  
Where dwelt the girl whose face and voice  
His thoughts had cherished since the time  
He listened to the hymn sublime.

The longing for another sight  
Of that sweet face, so fair and bright,  
Was gratified without delay ;  
The flutter of a robe of gray  
Now caught his sight as Maggie came  
To train a rose o'er rustic frame.  
Yes, it is she, he sees her now,  
With glowing cheek and snowy brow.  
As in the vine-wreathed porch she stood,  
A type of fair, sweet womanhood.

Approaching her, he simply said,  
"I from the rain have hither fled."  
With courtesy she bade him stay,  
And to the parlor led the way ;

Then he made known to her his name,  
And said that he but lately came  
To pay a visit in the town,  
And was a nephew of Judge Brown.

A handsome youth was Sterling Gray  
Of very mild and pleasing way,  
He now conversed his best with ease,  
Striving to interest and please.  
An hour passed sociably away,  
The sun shone out with cheerful ray,  
Enlivening nature with its glow;  
Sterling at once arose to go.  
Invited then to call again,  
He did, when not compelled by rain.  
In calling him a welcome guest,  
I've hardly half the truth expressed.  
'Tis but the story, sweet and old,  
Which has so many times been told  
That I need not repeat it here;  
You know the sequel, reader, dear.

## CHAPTER VI.

Sterling had found his uncle's heart,  
From him the Judge was loth to part,  
Wrote to his sister that he should  
Keep him still longer if he could.

"I have no son," the old man said,  
"He'll be my heir when I am dead."  
So Sterling tarried till the fall,  
Captive to love's enchanting thrall.

Sweet Margaret had won his heart,  
'Twas sad, indeed, from her to part,  
But fast the time was drawing on  
And very soon he must be gone.  
They were betrothed, this loving pair,  
The future held but promise fair,  
For every one looked on to bless  
And wish them future happiness.

Pain sometimes stirred the mother's heart  
That from her daughter she must part ;  
By such emotion she was moved  
Although her choice she quite approved,  
And would consign her to his care  
With perfect trust, and fervent prayer  
That every blessing might attend  
Her darling till this life should end.

The time for parting came at last,  
And Maggie's tears fell thick and fast,  
But Sterling put all grief aside  
And strove to cheer his promised bride,  
Saying at Christmas he should come  
And claim her for his very own.

His aunt could not her tears restrain,  
Even the Judge himself showed pain  
As Sterling took his leave that day  
In tender, loving, boyish way.  
"What comfort, wife, a boy can be,  
I'll keep that youngster here with me  
When he returns from his trip East ;  
It will not hurt me in the least



To set up handsomely in life  
My nephew and his chosen wife."

'Twas thus the uncle spoke that day  
After his nephew went away.  
And this man was the same Judge Brown  
So held in awe by all the town.  
Thus triumphs love o'er natures hard  
And brings at last its own reward.

Soon preparations were begun  
For all the work which must be done.  
Maggie insisted she must dwell  
Upon the place she loved so well;  
And then the Judge said he should give  
The house in which they were to live.

And so the workmen all were hired,  
And the materials required  
Were placed upon the ground where stood  
The home of Maggie's babyhood.  
And nearly every day from town  
Came Sterling's aunt, good Mrs. Brown,

To mark the progress which was made,  
Advising in the plans they laid  
For beautifying the new home  
To which her nephew was to come.

Maggie had seen, reluctantly,  
Her tiny cottage torn away ;  
And in its place a mansion reared  
Of such proportions that she feared  
They could not furnish as they ought.  
And to the aunt expressed the thought.

The dear old lady, smiling, said,  
“ With such fears trouble not your head,  
Sterling is not possessed of wealth,  
But he has industry and health,  
And legal knowledge it appears  
Attained but seldom at his years ;  
Then too he is our nearest kin  
Has chanced his uncle's love to win.  
And he already has begun  
To look upon him as a son,  
And yours will be a future fair,  
Secured by faithful, loving care.”

The winter's mantle, pure and white,  
Falls on their house completed quite.  
The Christmas time is drawing near,  
And Sterling Gray will soon be here,  
With him will come his parents too,  
Who wish his happiness to view.

## CHAPTER VII.

The wedding morn dawns bright and clear,  
A perfect day for Christmas cheer,  
The sun shines forth in splendor bright,  
Upon the earth enrobed in white,  
And sends his scintillating beams  
O'er snow-clad trees and ice-bound streams.

The church at Thorndale now is seen  
Bedecked with vine and evergreen,  
And scarlet berries, bright and gay,  
In honor of the wedding day.  
'Twas for the place a great affair,  
A specious crowd had gathered there;  
Many old veterans of the war  
Came flocking in from near and far,  
For they remembered Matthew well,  
And now their rugged faces tell,  
Better than words could e'er express,  
Joy at his daughter's happiness.



**MATTHEW HENRY DISCLOSES HIS IDENTITY AND GIVES AWAY HIS  
DAUGHTER WHO SUPPOSED HE HAD BEEN DEAD  
EIGHTEEN YEARS.**

The bridal party now draws near  
And as they at the church appear,  
Pass 'neath a green triumphal arch,  
Are greeted by the wedding march;  
And now the grand old music floats,  
With swelling, sweet, enchanting notes,  
While with each strain there seems to blend  
The wish that joy their steps attend.

As they approach the altar's side  
The bridegroom and the fair young bride,  
The rector, reverend, old and gray,  
Now asks, "Who gives the bride away?"  
"I do," a manly voice replies,  
And they behold a man arise,  
Who, standing there before the throng,  
Says in a voice bland, sweet and strong,  
"None can take precedence of me,  
I'm Matthew Henry, sir," says he.

A tall man of commanding air,  
With bright blue eyes and snowy hair,  
Stood there in captain's uniform.  
Then there arose a deaf'ning storm

Of wild and unrestrained applause ;  
While strangers marveled at the cause,  
Cheer after cheer fell on the air  
From veterans assembled there.  
Despite the loss of vigorous prime,  
Despite the ravages of time,  
Which such a changed appearance gave,  
They recognized their captain brave.

And when the house, at length, is still,  
Matthew proceeds, in tones which thrill  
Those once familiar with the voice,  
“ Comrades, it makes my heart rejoice  
That you thus welcome me with cheers,  
After the lapse of many years ”——  
But here he paused, with blanching face,  
For just before him Mrs. Mace  
Had slipped upon the floor and lay  
With face of deathly ashen gray.

“ O, Jennie ! ” Matthew wildly said,  
“ O, darling ! say you are not dead !  
Oh ! have I killed the precious wife,  
For whom I'd gladly give my life ? ”

And as he speaks her pale lips frame  
That loved and ne'er forgotten name.

"Matthew, dear Matthew! is it you?"  
Her gaze now sought those eyes of blue  
Which met hers with a steady light—  
Then all became as dark as night.

Swoon follows swoon, till friends now fear  
That the grim messenger is near;  
But slowly she revives; at length,  
And, with her now returning strength,  
Rises from the encircling arm,  
Matthew threw round her in alarm;  
"I'm better now," she softly said,  
And to her seat was gently led.

Matthew, now mindful of the crowd,  
Says, "There should be no sombre cloud  
Upon our daughter's wedding day,  
So let the rite proceed, I pray."

The sacred ceremony o'er,  
Matthew addressed them all once more:



“ Friends, comrades, neighbors,” now he said,  
“ For many years you’ve thought me dead,  
Believe me, I have done no wrong,  
My story is too sad and long  
To tell at such a time as this,  
When naught should mar our happiness ;  
The time will come when you shall hear  
The story of my sad career.”

Then Maggie spoke, the fair young bride,  
“ Father, come home with us,” she cried,  
“ Ours is the first, most sacred right,  
We must your story hear to-night ;  
Your weary wanderings now must cease,  
Henceforth you’ll know but rest and peace.”

And so around their cheerful light  
They list’ning sat that Christmas night,  
While Matthew told with many tears,  
The tale of intervening years ;  
And I will try, my readers dear,  
To reproduce the story here.

## THE VETERAN'S STORY.

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### CHAPTER VIII.

“THE years of sixty-one and two  
Were dreadful years for boys in blue.  
Virginia's soil was damp and red  
With blood contending armies shed,  
For many miles the country round  
Was one continuous battle-ground.  
At the second battle of Bull Run,  
Where fell full many a gallant son,  
I too, fell wounded in the head  
And comrades doubtless thought me dead;  
But fate had other things in store  
And I returned to life once more.

“How long in stupor deep I lay  
I never yet could truly say;

When I to consciousness returned  
And light of reason feebly burned,  
I was within a rebel pen  
With many other Union men.

“ Awful, indeed, was then our fate !  
Its horrors I can scarce relate ;  
Our tortures were increased each day  
Till we resolved to get away ;  
To lose our lives by captors' wrath,  
Were better than a living death.

“ But three of us were in the plot,  
To others we dared breathe it not,  
But cautiously, with patient care,  
We made an excavation there,  
A little hole beneath the wall  
Through which a man could barely crawl ;  
And I will nothing further say  
Than this, one night we stole away.  
We did not dare to keep together,  
Lest the foe our track discover,  
But parting soon as we were out,  
Each took his lonely way in doubt.

“ I still was very weak indeed  
And therefore made but little speed.  
I kept within the forest dense,  
Its shade my only poor defence,  
And through the darkness of the night  
I took my slow and toilsome flight.

“ Exhausted by the want of food,  
I slowly traveled through the wood ;  
I feared to rest by night or day  
Lest lurking foe beset my way.

“ How long the time I cannot state,  
Three or four days, at any rate,  
I had not tasted food or drink  
And soon must from exhaustion sink.  
I knew that I ere long must yield,  
When lo ! I saw an open field.

“ I mustered my remaining strength  
And left the wood behind at length ;  
And soon I saw, O joyful sight !  
A stream of crystal water bright.

I crept in weakness to the brink,  
But striving to obtain a drink  
Fainting I fell upon the ground  
Oblivious to all around.  
What now my checkered life befel  
I gather from what others tell.

## CHAPTER IX.

“Some negroes found me by the brook  
And kindly to their cabin took  
My wasted and enfeebled form.  
These dusky friends with hearts so warm,  
Fought long with fever for my life  
And came off victors in the strife.

“They laid my army blue away  
And clothed me in a suit of gray,  
Well knowing that my uniform  
Would soon about me bring a swarm  
Of cruel and relentless foes,  
Unmoved by sight of human woes.  
I was permitted there to dwell  
Till I again seemed strong and well ;  
But though my strength I had regained  
My mind in feeble state remained.

"A generous planter living near  
Chanced of my wretched state to hear;  
Feeling an interest in my case  
He gave me work upon his place,  
And further disregarding price,  
Sought for me medical advice.  
All this, however, proved in vain,  
My wound and illness wrecked my brain.

"Almost an imbecile I seemed,  
A few dim rays of reason gleamed  
At times across my blighted mind  
Yet left no memory behind.  
But for this Southern friend, I fear  
Hard had I fared for many a year.

"One summer day he bade me go  
Down to the pasture lot below  
And bring some horses, but, said he  
'Be sure to lead them carefully,  
For they are young, unbroken quite,  
And so will easily take fright.'  
Complying cheerfully, I went,  
Was seldom disobedient;

But like a willful, wayward child  
I now devised a project wild.

“I singled out a fiery black  
And nimbly vaulted on his back.  
Scared by the unaccustomed load,  
He fled in terror down the road;  
He strove to throw me off in vain,  
I clung with both hands to the mane.  
The planter learned what I had done  
And started out upon the run;  
But we flew past him like the wind  
And soon had left him far behind.  
In wild pursuit he followed on  
Knowing full well I must be thrown.  
At length the colt with sidewise bound  
Threw me with force upon the ground.

“And there I lay like one in death,  
Not a pulsation, not a breath  
Could they discern who found me there  
And bore me home with tender care,  
Where in that dreadful, deathlike swoon  
I lay from nine o'clock till noon,





Then through my frame there passed a thrill  
Which proved that I was living still.

“ As life came back, though strange to tell,  
My memory returned as well ;  
And as my strength grew day by day  
Reason once more resumed her sway.  
The sudden shock restored me quite,  
My darkened mind was clear and bright.

“ I learned how time had slipped away  
While life for me in shadow lay,  
And I shed many bitter tears  
While thinking of the flight of years.

“ I told my story and revealed  
That which the blacks so long concealed.  
My heart goes out to that kind friend  
So prompt a helping hand to lend.  
He saw my heart was anguish-riven,  
His sympathy was freely given,  
E'en after learning with surprise  
That I had been in such disguise.

“ He always thought me some poor scamp  
Who straggled from a Southern camp  
And met with injury on the way,  
You know he found me clad in gray.

“ One day he called his servant Jim  
And very closely questioned him ;  
Poor Jim, surrounded and coerced,  
Confessed at last the very worst ;  
He feared I might be blamed, you see,  
And so exonerated me.

‘ Yes, sah,’ said he, ‘ ’twas me and Mose  
Dat put him into dem gray clo’s,  
He was too weak to raise his han’,  
Ize all to blame, you understan’,

De gemman, sah, was bery low’ —  
“ ‘ There, said the planter, you may go,  
I ought to hang you, but ’tis best,  
Since you’re so terribly distressed,  
To let you off, go to your corn.’  
Jim looked heart-broken and forlorn,  
He started with alacrity,  
Making a sly grimace at me,

He rolled his brown expressive eye  
With all a negro's drollery.

"When Jim was gone, he calmly said,  
'It seems that I have been misled,  
But I am glad to know that you  
Were not deceitful or untrue.  
Remain awhile my honored guest,  
And may your future life be blest.'

"'Twas then I learned to know his worth,  
No nobler heart beats at the North.

## CHAPTER X.

“ As soon as I was fully sure  
That permanent had been my cure,  
I started for my Northern home  
To learn what changes there had come.

“ I schooled myself to bear surprise,  
Prepared for all that might arise,  
Knowing how many years had fled  
Since loved ones must have thought me dead.  
And when, at last, I neared my home,  
I very cautious had become,  
Resolved no censure e'er should rest  
On those my absence had distressed.

“ Well founded too, were my vague fears,  
I learned my wife had been for years  
United to a worthy man.  
I cautiously matured a plan

By which, before I left the place  
I might behold my daughter's face ;  
And so one pleasant summer day——  
“ O father dear !” cried Maggie Gray,  
“ I see it plainly now, I think,  
You are the man who asked for drink.  
I thought that you were sick and weak,  
I never saw a paler cheek.’

“ I was not sick, though far from strong,  
And wearied by my journey long ;  
Quite shaken too, by harrowing thought  
Of changes which the years had wrought.  
My darling child you cannot know  
The pain with which I turned to go ;  
I felt that o’er that garden gate  
As inexorable as fate,  
An angel stood before my eyes  
To banish me from Paradise.

“ I could not tear myself away  
For any length of time to stay ;  
I wished to know just what befel  
The dear ones whom I loved so well,

And in the country have been known  
By other names, but not my own.  
I of your marriage knew, my dear,  
And felt that duty called me here ;  
While I congratulate, rejoice  
That you have made so wise a choice ;  
My blessing cordially bestow,  
'Tis all I have to give, you know."

Jennie was weeping silently,  
Hers seemed a speechless agony,  
Matthew, addressing her, now said,  
" Many the tears we both have shed ;  
But if you choose to bid me stay,  
I never more will go away.  
I now am penniless and old,  
On me have years of sorrow told,  
Still if you prize my broken life  
I shall be proud to call you wife."

" O Matthew !" Jennie now replied,  
" I thought in battle you had died,  
I did not mean to do you wrong,  
I had been lonely, Oh, so long !"——

“ There was no wrong committed, dear,  
You’re free from censure, that is clear,  
On no one rests a shade of blame ;  
Naught that could blot the fairest name.  
And if our children will delay  
Their journey for another day,  
With your approval, Jennie, dear,  
We’ll have another wedding here.”

Before they sought their rest that night,  
Was settled every detail, quite,——  
Matthew had said, with glist’ning eyes,  
“ Pray let us plan a great surprise,  
Ask all the veterans around  
Who on short notice can be found,  
And our old neighbors, far and near,  
The story of my life to hear ;  
When the chief incidents are told,  
They shall the marriage rite behold.”

The guests assembled, one and all,  
Till fairly crowded was the hall ;——  
With many wondering comments they  
Heard all that Matthew had to say,

Then warmly shook him by the hand,  
Declaring him a hero grand.

And thus the time had sped away,  
Till near the closing of the day,  
And Matthew to his guests had said,  
“Dear friends, this evening I shall wed  
The only idol of my heart,  
And we, till death, no more shall part.”

He left the room a little space,  
But soon returned with beaming face;  
Jennie was leaning on his arm;  
Not youth itself could add a charm  
To the sweet dignity of mien  
Of one so happy and serene.

She wore upon that festal day  
A robe of shining silver gray;  
Matthew in uniform arrayed,  
His martial bearing well displayed,  
And here once more, hand joined in hand,  
They so long separated stand.





"The only idol of my heart,  
And we till death no more shall part."

MATTHEW'S AND JENNIE'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

To all the guests it seemed to be  
A scene of great solemnity,  
But, at the rector's closing word  
The throng with strong emotion stirred.

The soldiers scarce suppress their cheers,  
And many cheeks are wet with tears  
As Matthew, with a glow of pride,  
Salutes this woman, twice his bride.

The evening passed by pleasantly  
To those who through it chose to stay,  
And as their homeward way they wind,  
They leave but happiness behind.

There is not much to tell beside,  
Our Sterling Gray and his young bride,  
When from their wedding tour they come,  
Will occupy their stately home.

Dear little Fred, Nathaniel's son,  
Is loved and spoiled by every one.

But ere I lay my pen away  
I would to Matthew's virtues pay

An honest tribute, though no line  
Can e'er be traced by pen of mine  
Which will add lustre to the fame  
That erstwhile crowns such victor's name.

He ruled his spirit, crushed his pride,  
And laid all selfishness aside  
Bereft of wife, bereft of child,  
The world to him a dreary wild,  
Made no display of grief or wrath,  
In silence trod his lonely path.  
But in his heart amid its gloom,  
There lingered still love's sweet perfume,  
And now, to banish grief and pain,  
This lovely flower has bloomed again ;  
Long in its shadow may he rest  
While we rejoice to see him blest.

My humble story now is done ;  
I claim my hero brave has won  
A victory more praiseworthy, far,  
Than ever soldier won in war.  
And in the evening of his life  
This veteran and his gentle wife

Look back with thankfulness and pride  
As they still journey side by side.

And soon for them will dawn the day  
When earthly cares all laid away,  
They'll help to swell the victor's song  
Amid the bright celestial throng.

THE END.

## THE FATE OF WAR.

---

TENNESSEE lay bathed in beauty  
    'Neath the sky of sixty-one,  
When the gloomy clouds of discord  
    Rose above our horizon.

Four dark years of civil conflict  
    Our historic pages dim,  
Making still a note discordant  
    In our nation's choral hymn.

Still the mountains rise in grandeur,  
    Onward flows the Tennessee;—  
Mingling with the voice of nature  
    Rises our grand jubilee.

For peace reigns again triumphant  
    Where once stood in deadly strife,  
Those by birthright friends and brothers  
    Seeking for each other's life.

But the war-cloud left a shadow,  
Plainly still we see its trace  
On the hearts of friends and kindred,  
Time itself cannot efface.

---

'Tis of Roswell Lawrence, reader,  
I a truthful tale relate,  
Tell how members of his household  
Fell beneath the hand of fate.

In his home, almost an Eden,  
Naught was known of grief or care  
Till the direful war had changed it  
To a scene of dark despair.

When the war of the Rebellion  
Broke upon our native land,  
Roswell Lawrence, brave and loyal,  
Longed to join the patriot band.

But beyond his prime was Lawrence,  
Bent beneath the weight of years,  
Helplessly he viewed the struggle  
Shaken by his griefs and fears.

Once he well had served his country  
Bravely marched against the foe,  
Proudly born aloft our banner  
On the plains of Mexico.

He was Northern born, his parents  
Made the Empire State their home,  
When the army was disbanded  
He to Tennessee had come.

He had since that time resided  
In this fair and sunny land,  
Here he won and wed his Mabel,  
Reared his little household band.

And the gift of three dear children  
Made their happiness complete,  
Melvin, Rupert, little Lois,  
All intelligent and sweet.

As they grew each year more lovely  
'Neath the tender mother's care,  
Roswell thought his home a heaven  
Filled with blessings rich and rare.

Little dreamed he that the future  
Held for him such bitter woe,  
That his loving heart had broken  
Half the mournful truth to know.

As the brothers grew to manhood,  
Melvin, with his bright blue eye,  
Was the image of his father  
In the happy days gone by.

Locks of brown with golden lustre  
Curled around his shapely head,  
He was tall, of noble bearing,  
With a firm, elastic tread.

Rupert Lawrence, three years younger,  
Was his mother's joy and pride,  
He possessed a type of beauty  
Which description quite defied.

Hair of raven blackness shaded  
Brow of marble whiteness rare,  
And his eyes of liquid brightness  
Mirrored strength of passion there.



Slightly built, of medium stature,  
Of a restless temperament,  
With a warm impulsive nature,  
Speaking plainly his descent.

In the veins of Mabel Lawrence  
Flowed the rich warm Cuban blood,  
Which to Rupert had imparted  
An intensely changeful mood.

Little Lois, bright and winsome,  
Was a creature sweet and fair,  
With the Southern mother's beauty,  
And the father's sunny hair.

Agile as the fawn, and graceful,  
Of a mild and gentle mien,  
And the blending of two nations  
Might also in her be seen.

But in spite of dispositions,  
Which in diverse channels ran,  
Theirs had been a happy household  
Till the dreadful war began.

Now 'mid tumult and excitement,  
Party spirit, fierce and high,  
Wrought a terrible division  
In the Lawrence family.

Melvin took a stand emphatic  
'Neath the dear old stripes and stars,  
While his brother joined the forces  
'Neath the fateful Southern bars.

All the loyal blood of Roswell  
Rose in indignation grand  
As he saw the storm-cloud gather  
Darkly o'er his native land,

And beheld the starry banner  
For which he would gladly die,  
Trampled by the feet of rebels  
While they freedom's laws defy.

Bitter was his grief and anguish,  
When young Rupert drew his sword,  
In the blighting cause of treason,  
But he spoke no scathing word.

"'Tis but natural," he reasoned,  
"He should choose to do his part  
In the cause his mother favors ;  
Oh, be still, my breaking heart !

"May no unkind word escape me,  
Lest the future bear it back,  
Never must a child of Lawrence  
Of affection feel the lack."

Not more tenderly his blessing  
Fell upon the loyal head  
Of his eldest, who had chosen  
Freedom's righteous cause instead,

Than upon the head of Rupert  
Who as bravely dared to do  
For a cause he deemed as sacred ;  
Oh, such fathers are but few !

For the sake of wife and children,  
Roswell kept his lips close sealed,  
In this noble self-denial  
Was his depth of love revealed.

While his heart was almost bursting  
    Into patriotic flame,  
He possessed his soul in patience,  
    Trusting in Jehovah's name.

While the mighty hosts contended,  
    And the conflict fiercer grew,  
Roswell in his darkened homestead  
    Prayed as only patriots do.

And the mother drooped and faded  
    'Neath her load of grief and care,  
This division in her household  
    Filled her heart with wild despair.

What her husband named as treason,  
    She had held as Southern right,  
Still it grieved her that her offspring  
    Should in different forces fight ;

Grieved that they should be contending  
    On the bloody battlefield,  
She prayed earnestly and often  
    That one side might quickly yield.

But we need not tell the reader  
Of the struggle fierce and long,—  
We who lived will ne'er forget it,  
Others find it theme of song,

Or in history read of thrilling  
Deeds of valor, ne'er surpassed;  
While revolves the sun in brightness  
Shall their glorious record last.

But we need not trace the annals,  
Only one eventful day  
Is required to furnish details  
For the subject of our lay.

---

All day long the battle rages  
O'er the heights of Malvern Hill,  
And the golden rays of sunset  
Fall on ground contested still,

And a spirit of defiance  
Seems to fill the summer air  
As in grim unyielding phalanx  
Darkness finds them fighting there.

Now retreating, now advancing ;  
Like the ocean's storm-tossed waves  
Sweeps the restless tide of battle  
And in blood the hillside laves.

Now the Federals cheering, charging,  
Once more make the foe retreat,  
And a brave young color-bearer  
Waves his flag at their defeat.

Shaking out its folds in triumph  
In a bold and fearless mood,  
Recking not the wrath of foeman  
Or the heated Southern blood.

Proudly floats that tattered emblem  
O'er the heights of Malvern Hill  
Telling to opposing forces  
Of a brave resistance still.

Closing up their broken columns,  
Rallying their fearless band,  
The Confederates bravely faced them  
And in waiting firmly stand.

Said a young and reckless soldier,  
"Boys, behold that banner high  
Flaunting in our very faces,  
That proud bearer soon must die."

When the order brief was given  
Rupert quickly raised his gun,  
And another Union soldier  
Died beneath the setting sun.

Had he known who held that flagstaff,  
Would his aim have been so true?  
Who can tell? they were but foemen,  
One in gray and one in blue.

When the shades of night closed round them,  
And the fighting ceased at last,  
Under cover of the darkness  
Southern troops retreated fast.

Once again were they defeated,  
And must needs recruit their strength,  
In a silent, cautious manner  
They retired their troops at length.

Just at dusk two Union soldiers,  
Who had bravely fought that day,  
Fell to earth from sheer exhaustion  
And became an easy prey ;

These were promptly seized as prisoners,  
Taken in that backward flight ;  
As they marched, they were discoursing  
On the fortunes of the fight.

“ 'Twas,” said one, “ a fearful battle  
And we made a noble stand,  
But our color-bearer, Lawrence,  
Was the bravest of our band.

“ Nothing seemed to daunt his spirit,  
Oh, it shocked me when he fell !  
For as dearly as a brother  
I had learned to love our Mel.”

“ Yes,” replied the other soldier,  
“ I have noticed many a time  
That the men who bear our colors  
Have a courage quite sublime.



“Melvin loved the dear old ensign  
And his life was nobly spent,  
Could I but have killed his slayer,  
I would then have been content.”

Thus conversed those youthful prisoners,  
Speaking of a comrade's death,  
While beneath night's friendly cover  
Listened one with bated breath ;

Still intent on every detail,  
Till he came to understand  
That it was his only brother  
Who had fallen by his hand.

When he caught the awful import  
Of the words those soldiers spoke,  
In one wailing cry of anguish,  
Then the heart of Rupert broke.

No one marked that sound of sorrow,  
No one seemed to know or care,  
But the whispering summer breezes  
Bore a breath of frenzied prayer.

Only God can ever know it,  
All that mingled love and grief!  
Only He in tender mercy  
Can administer relief.

While the cruel conflict lasted,  
Rupert bravely bore his part,  
On his face no smile of gladness,  
Naught but sorrow in his heart.

In the home they wept for Melvin,  
But the mother's bitter tears  
Had more cause to fall for Rupert  
In the darksome coming years.

When returning home in sadness,  
Rupert met his friends once more,  
Much his loving parents wondered  
At the look of grief he wore.

Nothing ever seemed to cheer him  
Or his sadness to dispel,  
And upon that broken household  
Now a deeper shadow fell.

When her brothers joined the army,  
Lois was a maiden shy,  
But she grew a lovely woman  
As the years went swiftly by.

She had now a noble suitor,  
One of Burnside's boys in blue,  
Who was lingering in the Southland  
To his fair enchantress woo.

Paul Romaine had often met her  
While the troops were stationed there,  
And his heart became entangled  
In the meshes of her hair.

Never was a captive taken,  
More an abject slave than he,  
And when peace had been established  
He returned to Tennessee.

At the North his parents waited  
For the coming of their son,  
But he wrote them he should tarry  
Till his Southern bride was won.

Never sped a happier wooing,  
For the parents kindly smiled  
On the young impetuous soldier  
Who adored their darling child.

Melvin sleeps in solemn silence,  
Sorrow Rupert's life enshrouds,  
And they fain would shield their daughter  
From its overshadowing clouds.

Deeming she has chosen wisely,  
Though the tears will sometimes flow,  
They upon the youthful couple  
Blessings fervently bestow.

Still one cloud is in their heavens,  
Rupert's strange despairing mood,  
He to his young sister's husband  
Frequently is very rude.

But Romaine will never quarrel  
With the brother of his bride,  
Though his heart is often throbbing  
With a sense of injured pride.

Soon they pay a bridal visit  
To the waiting friends of Paul,  
And they meet a warm reception  
From his people one and all.

And Paul's friends are charmed with Lois,  
Nor can wonder at his praise  
As they mark with admiration  
All her sweet and gentle ways.

Paul decides on emigrating  
To the prairies of the West  
And secures a fine location  
Where they settled down to rest.

Lois, too, this plan had favored,  
For she felt within her heart  
That 'twere better far that Rupert  
And her husband dwell apart.

True, her thoughts are often turning  
To her sunny Southern home,  
Still she is content and happy  
As she pictures years to come.

When increasing wealth shall bless them ;  
At no very distant day,  
To the dear old haunts of childhood  
She a visit hopes to pay.

But upon the Kansas homesteads  
Blight and ruin often fall,  
And for four succeeding seasons  
Great misfortunes came to Paul.

Locust, drought and wind united  
To lay waste his fertile fields,  
Till a plain and bare subsistence  
Is the most his labor yields.

But with undiminished courage,  
Still they bravely struggle on,  
Bound to yet become successful  
As they dreamed in years ago.

Two sweet children came to bless them  
And to cheer their toilsome life ;  
Lois called her first-born Melvin,  
Paul named baby for his wife.

For the sake of these dear children  
Many bitter tears she shed,  
For these priceless gifts of heaven  
Must, indeed, be clothed and fed.

But each year beheld them poorer  
Than they were the year before,  
Till the hideous wolf of hunger  
Often stood beside their door.

Friends, no doubt, believed them thriving,  
For they kept their secret well,  
Since of their reduced condition,  
Pride forbade that they should tell.

Meanwhile to the Lawrence household  
Sad'ning changes also come,  
And the mother of our Lois  
Slumbers in her silent home.

And above her pulseless bosom  
Blooms the myrtle and the rose;  
To her grave in silent sorrow  
Roswell Lawrence often goes.

Poor old man ! his heart is breaking  
O'er his darling Mabel's tomb !  
And his form will rest beside her  
'Neath another summer's bloom.

One calm Sabbath, as the shadows  
Of the evening overspread  
All the quiet face of nature,  
He called Rupert to his bed,

Saying, " Come and sit beside me,  
There is much I wish to say  
Ere I take my last lone journey  
To that country far away.

" And I know I soon am going  
There to rest forevermore,  
For I often catch the music  
From that happy golden shore ;

" And the voices of our loved ones  
Bid my eager spirit come ;  
I ere long shall pass the portals  
Of the great eternal home.



“ Listen, Rupert, come still closer,  
Take my feeble trembling hand,  
I would now speak freely, fully,  
Lay on you my last command.

“ I have tried to do my duty,  
If I’ve erred in aught my son,  
May our loving Lord forgive me  
Since in blindness it was done ;

“ Your sad spirit ever brooding  
O’er, perhaps, some fancied wrong,  
On my life has been a burden  
I’ve borne patiently and long.

“ But I grieve to die and leave you  
To a dismal lonely life,  
From the ranks of those who love us,  
Make some worthy girl your wife.

“ Be as happy as your parents,  
More I could not ask for you,  
Every heart must know some sorrow ;  
To yourself and God be true.

“All my wealth I have bequeathed you,  
Give your sister what is right,  
Ascertain her needs and wishes,  
I shall trust you, now good night.”

Here the father ceased, and Rupert  
Said good night and left the room,  
Feeling like some guilty felon  
Who has heard an awful doom.

Soon he sought his sleepless pillow  
Breathing low an anguished prayer  
That to him the strength be given  
Now his heavy cross to bear.

“Oh,” said he, “how can I bear it!  
Will he own me as a son?  
Will he still believe and trust me  
When he knows what I have done?”

“But he soon must cross the river  
Where all secrets are revealed  
And, perhaps, if he forgives me  
My poor heart may yet be healed.”



RUPERT CONFESSES TO HIS FATHER THAT HE KILLED HIS BROTHER MELVIN.

Then again he sought his chamber;  
Kneeling by his father's bed,  
He confessed the awful secret,  
That he Melvin's blood had shed.

"Oh!" he said, "I did not know him!  
But it might have been the same,  
For my fiery, wicked nature  
Was then kindled into flame.

"I can never take your money,  
Let my sister have it all,  
Only on the head of Rupert  
Let your hand in blessing fall.

"Only say that you forgive me  
This is all the boon I ask,  
And to seek from heaven forgiveness  
Shall in future be my task."

"May God bless and save you, Rupert,  
It was but the fate of war!  
But I hear the heavenly music,  
And I see the gates ajar!"

With his thin hand gently resting  
On the bowed head of his son,  
Roswell Lawrence crossed the river,  
And his earthly race was run.

---

We will only pause to mention,  
Ere we lay our pen aside,  
That one wish of Roswell Lawrence  
Very soon was verified ;

Rupert sought his gentle sister,  
On the Kansas prairie wild,  
And installed her in the homestead  
Where she played a merry child.

Rupert makes one of her household,  
He and Paul are brothers now,  
But a shade of melancholy  
Always rests upon his brow.

Oft he sits beside the river,  
With his dark eyes fixed afar,  
And in tender pathos murmurs  
“ Oh, the awful fate of war ! ”



## MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

---

I WAS but a little maiden  
When the soldiers marched away,  
But my childish heart was laden  
With the burdens of the day.

In our home a great excitement  
Was created at the time,  
For my father who was feeble  
And had passed beyond his prime,

Strove to join the gathering forces ;  
All remonstrance was in vain,  
He forgot his health was broken,  
He forgot his age and pain.

Love of country, wish to serve her,  
Patriotic fire and zeal  
Filled his heart to overflowing,  
Made his senses fairly reel.

But in spite of his endeavors  
Wise physicians sent him home,  
And with spirits crushed and broken  
I now seem to see him come.

Through the struggle, long and dreadful,  
Watched he anxiously the strife,  
And I think his deep emotions  
May have shortened much his life.

In our home were many papers  
Filled with patriotic lore;  
Father read till he was weary,  
Then I read them o'er and o'er.

Our place seemed to be the centre  
Where a band of pioneers  
Came to hear the battle tidings,  
Flushed with hope or filled with fears.

There too, came enlisted soldiers,  
Dear old friends and neighbor boys,  
Sure of sympathy and comfort,  
They rehearsed their griefs and joys.



And I drank in every utterance  
Of the patriots who came,  
Till my heart was wildly beating,  
And my childish cheeks aflame.

When the last small band departed  
Father on his death-bed lay,  
But his eye was bright and beaming  
As he grasped their hands that day,

Saying, "Heaven guard and keep you,  
Be good boys and trust in God ;  
When our troops return triumphant  
I shall sleep beneath the sod.

"I had hoped to live and greet them,  
But I'll meet those gone before,  
Heroes who from fields of carnage  
Passed beyond the open door."

This was his farewell in substance,  
Four days later he was dead ;  
And his weeping wife and children  
Hung in anguish o'er his bed.

When the news from Appomattox,  
The succeeding April came,  
How we wept that he, rejoicing,  
Might not greet the troops who came.

But God orders all in wisdom,  
I can only deem it well  
That his heart was spared the anguish  
When our martyred Lincoln fell.

But I have not yet related  
All I knew of the dread war ;  
Friends had we in fierce engagements  
Who returned with many a scar ;

Others left their homes and kindred  
Never to return again.  
One dear cousin died in battle,  
One within a rebel pen,

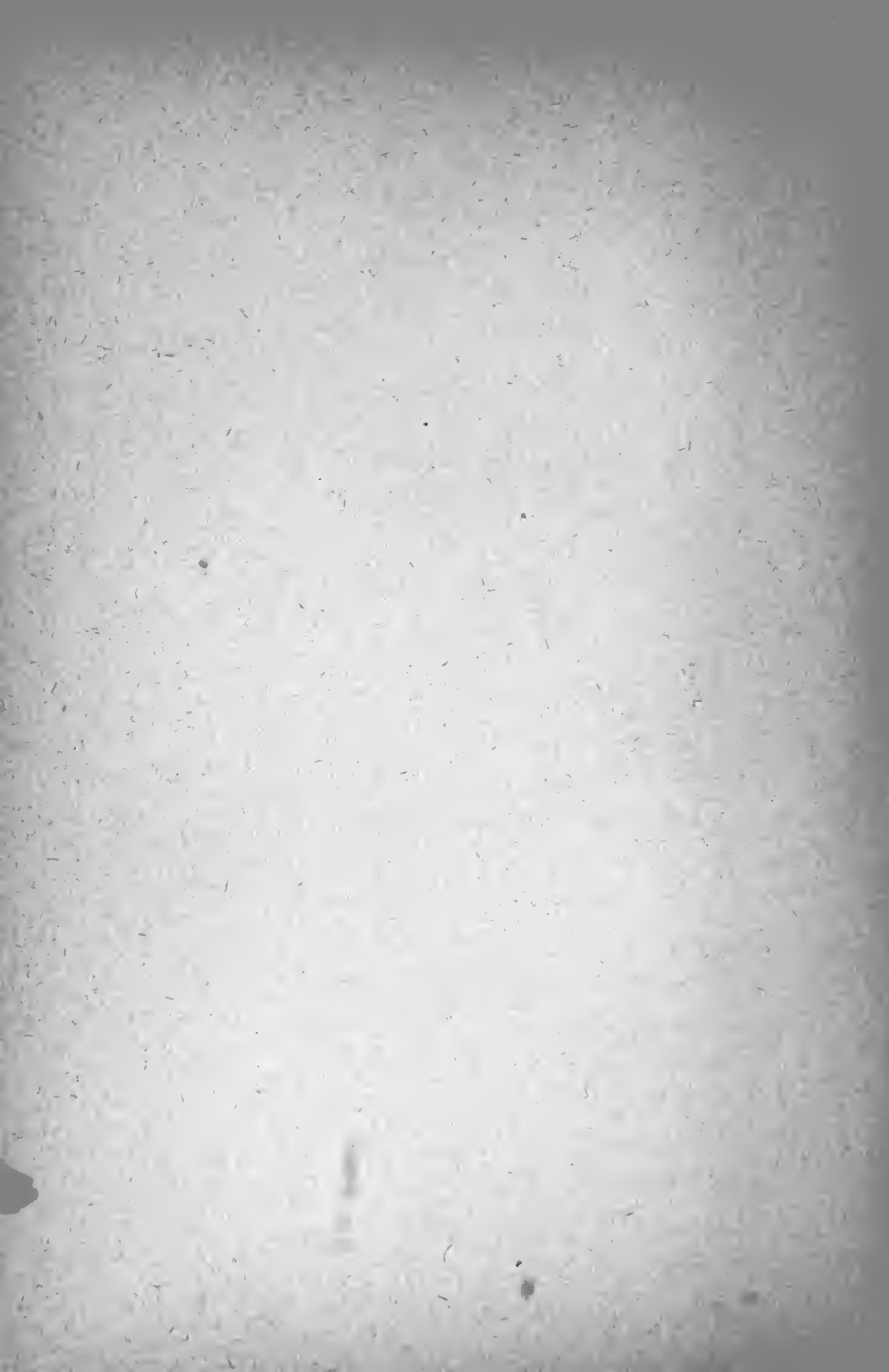
And another starved in Libby,  
Till my heart with anger burned,  
Other friends left limbs behind them,  
Where the tide of battle turned.

One brave soldier is my husband  
With a helpless withered arm,  
But no mark of royal favor  
Could for me possess such charm.

To the sentiments of childhood  
I am standing firm and true,  
And my heart with admiration  
Throbs for those who wore the blue.

Though my hair has lost its lustre,  
And is turning fast to snow,  
They are still to me the heroes  
Whom I honored long ago.

And the hope that this small volume  
May find favor in their sight,  
And my efforts yield them pleasure,  
Now sustains me as I write.



ALLAN WORTH.

*A Story in Two Parts.*

---

PART FIRST.

THE August sun was setting red,  
The robins twittered overhead;  
A gentle, cool, refreshing breeze  
Was murmuring 'mid the maple trees;  
A bit of woodland left for shade,  
A most delightful bower has made,  
Where traveling artists sometimes sit  
Watching the shadows fall and flit,  
Or sketching these majestic trees  
Whose foliage flutters in the breeze.  
Here happy lovers often stray  
To breathe their vows at close of day,  
A trysting place where manly youth  
Has promised oft unchanging truth.

Here in this charming solitude  
A gentle girl this evening stood,  
The lingering sunbeams falling there  
Nestl'd amid her waving hair,  
And lighted up her pensive face  
Where grief and care had left their trace.  
Her hands so small and white are clasped  
As though some cherished hope they grasped,  
The lustrous eye, the mouth, the chin  
Bespeak the dauntless soul within.

As thus she stands with drooping head  
She hears a long expected tread ;  
Starting at the familiar sound,  
She rushes forth with eager bound  
And reaches soon her lover's side ;  
“ Oh, Herman ! you are late,” she cried.

“ Yes, Alice, I am sorry, dear,  
That I could not be sooner here,  
But I had business at the town  
And was delayed by lawyer Brown ;  
Then I ran down awhile to G——  
Some of my old school friends to see.

Three boys leave there to-day at noon  
And will be with McClellan soon.  
And I shall join the army, too,  
Mother has gone to Uncle True ;  
He's lame and therefore cannot go,  
But he can care for her, you know,  
And I, with perfect health and strength,  
Am free to join the ranks at length.

" But for my mother's feeble state,  
I never could have borne to wait,  
As I have done, from day to day,  
While companies have marched away."

Although her cheek is very pale,  
Her clear voice does not break or fail,  
As making answer, hurriedly,  
" Of course, you cannot stay," said she,  
" And even though my heart should break,  
I honor still the course you take.  
Since Sumter's sad, eventful morn,  
When our proud flag was soiled and torn,  
Like Anderson, the staunch and true,  
I've longed to be a soldier, too ;

And, were I not a girl, to-night  
Would see me dead or in the fight."

Her lover smiled, "this little hand  
Was never meant for deeds so grand,  
It is too frail, too fair and white  
To wield a sabre in the fight.  
Your noble father gave his life,  
Your brother still is in the strife,  
Your part will be at home to stay  
And write to soldiers far away;  
When I return 'twill be my pride  
To see you made a soldier's bride.  
As I shall be away so long  
Please sing once more the little song,  
The song I love the best of all,  
I often shall the words recall,  
It will my dreary camp-life cheer,  
Will you not sing it? Alice dear."

"I'll try," the brave young voice replied,  
And the blue eyes were quickly dried,  
And then in tones so clear and sweet  
She sang the song called, "When we Meet."



## THE SONG.

When we meet adown the future  
Will your love be just the same?  
Will your face light up with gladness  
At the mention of my name?  
Will you haste with joy to greet me,  
All unchanged in love and faith?  
Is the love you cherish for me  
Strong enough to last till death?

I shall shrine your lovely image  
Sacredly within my heart,  
And my tears will fall above it  
As I roam from you apart;  
Ever will your words of courage  
Be to me a memory sweet,  
Are you sure you'll not forget them  
And will love me when we meet?

Duty bids me, love, to leave you,  
I must heed her earnest call,  
I go gladly to the conflict  
There to fight, perhaps to fall;

But should I return in triumph  
Victory will be doubly sweet,  
Knowing you will bid me welcome  
And will love me when we meet.

---

The sweet love-song is done at last  
And now the singer's tears fall fast  
"You do not doubt me, Herman dear,  
I'll write your soldier-life to cheer,  
I'll daily for your safety pray,  
And may God speed the gladsome day  
When right shall triumph over wrong;  
I trust the time will not be long."

A few words spoken soft and low  
And Herman Newell turned to go,  
He takes a step from her apart  
Then turns and clasps her to his heart;—

"My little love, so fair and sweet,  
May heaven keep you till we meet!"  
He kisses her on brow and cheek  
Too deeply moved to farther speak.

And thus they part in mutual faith  
Which naught shall interrupt till death.

She sought her home beside the wood  
And Herman in the moonlight stood  
Watching until she closed the gate  
Then turned to battle with his fate;  
He'd grumbled at her stern decree,  
This stalwart youth of twenty-three,  
Conscience acquitted him of blame,  
Still he indulged a sense of shame  
That one so young and strong as he  
Should at such time inactive be.

His widowed mother, sick and old,  
Had on this life so slight a hold  
That he had feared in her weak state  
Her heart to grieve or agitate,  
But now, with health somewhat improved,  
She to a brother's home removed  
And Herman knew in that abode  
The tend'rest care would be bestowed;  
And though the tears perforce would flow  
Still she had proudly bade him go.

And now, although his hands are free  
His heart is throbbing painfully,—  
Of Alice are his thoughts to-night,  
Her tearful face so fair and white  
Calls up some half-developed fears  
And his own eyes are dimmed with tears,  
Which he in vain strives to suppress  
While thinking of her loneliness.

An orphan is his promised bride,  
Her father fell at Lyon's side,  
Her mother's name for years has shone  
Upon a white and gleaming stone  
Within the little church-yard near,  
Though Alice holds her memory dear,  
Still indistinct the vision seems  
Like angel faces seen in dreams.

Of father recently bereft  
One only of her kin is left,  
Her brother Tom, whose name appears  
Among the earliest volunteers ;  
The old housekeeper, Mary Wilde,  
Is now sole guardian of the child.

“ Brave girl,” and Herman Newell sighed,  
“ May heaven protect my promised bride.”

He turned, and hast'ning down the road  
He sought his Uncle True's abode ;  
He must his mother bid good-by,  
And haste to join his company,  
Now at Detroit, but which would leave  
Upon the following Friday eve.

After her lover went away  
Poor Alice drooped from day to day,  
Autumn and winter slowly passed,  
Each month seemed drearier than the last ;  
Kind friends and neighbors living near  
Called oft her loneliness to cheer,  
But they, nor music, books, or flowers  
Could serve to charm the lingering hours.

She often sought the leafless wood  
While her piano silent stood ;——  
Her mind seemed morbidly engrossed  
By the reports of killed and lost,

And nursed a dread presentiment  
That some new sorrow would be sent.

In spring, one lonely April day,  
She spoke in sad, despondent way,  
When Mary strove to soothe, she said,  
“We’ll know ere many days are fled,  
I can’t say whence the warning came,  
When father fell ’twas just the same,  
I can’t explain or tell you more,  
But know for me there’s grief in store.”  
It seemed, in part, was truth revealed,  
Tom died that day on Shiloh’s field!

When she received the tidings dread,  
Scarce whiter could have been the dead,  
Though all were conscious how she grieved,  
No tears her burdened heart relieved;  
In mute despair she sought the wood  
Where she with Herman last had stood,  
And there beneath the forest trees  
Appeared more peaceful and at ease;  
She had from human pity flown  
To here commune with God alone.

The daylight faded into gloom  
Ere Alice reached her little room.  
Poor child! she sought no rest that night,  
As was disclosed by morning light.  
At morn she no appearance made,  
Mary the breakfast hour delayed,  
Deeming that sleep at last had brought  
Relief to her o'erburdened thought.

Fear of disturbing such repose  
Had kept her silent since she rose ;  
But as the kitchen clock struck nine  
Came fears which she could not define,  
A sudden dread of ill, she said,  
And up to Alice's room she sped  
And loudly knocked upon the door,  
Then cried " Speak, Alice, I implore ;"  
As this elicits no reply  
At once decides the lock to try.

The door swung back, no key was turned,  
A lamp upon the mantle burned,  
The pillow white, had not been pressed  
And now she noticed, much distressed,

A little note by Alice penned  
To her, the kind and faithful friend ;  
And this she seized, with trembling grasp,  
And read aloud with startled gasp.

“ Dear Mary, home to-night I leave,  
O'er my departure do not grieve ;  
Nought of my purpose dare I tell ;  
Dear loving friend a long farewell.”

Why, where or how she went none knew  
Nor could they gain the slightest clue,  
Though neighbors, an excited throng,  
Sought her both earnestly and long.

Now Herman heard from her no more,  
His mother wrote him, but forebore  
To mention make of Alice's flight  
Lest she should uselessly affright ;  
Short time, howe'er, could it be hushed  
And Herman by the news was crushed.

“ It is not marvelous,” he said,  
“ Her father and her brother dead,



She lost her mind, poor lonely child!  
The death of Thomas drove her wild."  
He in his heart sincerely thought  
That he could find her if he sought;  
But though one's household dying lay  
War was the order of the day,  
Stern duty pointed to the strife  
And honor counted more than life.

Our Newell was a patriot true,  
No braver heart beat 'neath the blue,  
Never would he desert his post  
While stood in arms a rebel host,  
But one sweet face, so sad and white,  
Was in his thoughts both day and night.



## PART SECOND.

THE troops of Michigan were brave  
And evidence of valor gave,  
We point with pride to deeds sublime  
Which mark the annals of the time,  
And some, of whom we write to-day,  
Are numbered in that bold array.

Among the troops that left the North  
Was a recruit named Allan Worth,  
A comely youth with beardless face  
And form so slight seemed scarce in place  
'Mid scenes of war and rude alarms;  
And yet he bravely bore his arms;  
His eye was keen, his aim was true,  
As many cunning marksmen knew;  
Though he at times was somewhat sad  
He was a genial, winsome lad,  
Who, had he lived in former age,  
Would shone at court as lady's page.

In camp of leisure time he spent  
The greater part within his tent;  
The ruder soldiers jeering said,  
“He had by apron-strings been led.”  
Some mother’s baby, who they thought,  
Had left the home-nest ere he ought.  
From oaths he would in horror shrink  
And always shunned the fiery drink;  
Still in the ranks he’d many friends  
Who strove for slights to make amends,  
By lending him their books to read  
And telling him to take no heed  
Of the rude things the boys would say,  
Since his was far the better way.

Among the rougher class of men  
Was one the boys styled Burly Ben,  
A man with brow as dark as night  
Who loved the timid to affright;  
And often he, by some wild freak,  
Would terrify the young or weak.

One day the drink was going round  
While Allan, seated on the ground,

Was so engrossed by what he read,  
As not to hear a word they said,  
'Till Burly Ben, with cup in hand,  
Before the reader took his stand  
And, with a low and mocking bow  
Said, " Boy, I'll see you drink this now."

Allan, surprised, sprang swiftly up,  
And as he did so, dashed the cup  
Into the ruffian's face ; " Ho, Ben !"  
The shout went round among the men,  
" How do you like it thus ?" asked they,  
" The boy is true grit, anyway."

Ben had been taken by surprise,  
The fiery liquid filled his eyes,  
He swore a fearful oath that he  
Would even with the stripling be.  
Allan, with anger well suppressed,  
At once, withdrew from all the rest,  
But he had made a bitter foe  
Who would contrive to work him woe ;  
And ever after that affair  
Ben harassed Allan all he dare.

It was a sweet September night  
Before the dread Antietam fight,  
Two soldiers seated quite alone  
Conversed in low and cautious tone ;  
" I come to you now," Allan said,  
" Not knowing what to do instead ;  
Of Ben I have become afraid,  
On some one I must call for aid,  
I fear his dark malignant eyes  
Have penetrated my disguise,  
A secret until now my own  
I must this night to you make known."

Now Herman Newell, for 'twas he,  
Looked at the speaker earnestly ;  
From out his face the color fled  
While wondering if the truth he read.

His heart stood still, then beat so fast  
That such fierce throbbing could not last,  
And leaning toward the soldier youth  
He said, " Pray tell me all the truth,  
Where is your home ; your place of birth ?  
Is your name truly Allan Worth ?"

“ It is a name I’ve borne with pride,  
But had no right,” the youth replied.  
“ Does not your own heart tell you now  
Where we have met, when last, and how ?”

Still Newell sat in silence grave  
Nor sign of recognition gave.  
Then Allan’s voice, still low with fear,  
Said, “ This must reach no other ear,  
I, Alice North, your promised bride  
Have stood in battle by your side  
And fought as fearlessly as you,  
Or any who have worn the blue ;  
But late I’ve learned that in this place  
Is hourly danger of disgrace,  
And so I have a coward grown  
Nor longer dare remain unknown.

“ And you, although you may despise,  
Must help me still to some disguise ;  
In memory of the days gone by  
I am assured you will comply ;  
Forgive me for the wrong and pain,  
I will not trouble you again.

“ Perhaps you wonder what wild dream  
Could prompt me to such daring scheme.  
I think that sorrow turned my brain,  
That I was crazed by grief and pain,  
I fear that thoughts of vengeance too,  
Had something with the case to do,  
And that I chose the course which brought  
Me nearest the revenge I sought.

“ I’d always Tom’s companion been  
And never deemed it shame or sin  
To tramp with him through field and wood  
And learn to shoot as Thomas could,  
And oft his heart with pride would thrill  
When witnessing his pupil’s skill.  
So well accustomed to such sport,  
Firing and marching was my forte,  
I’d training gained by youthful pranks  
Surpassed by few within the ranks.

“ When reason and reflection came  
I feared that you my course would blame,  
Since I should grieve if this were so,  
I had resolved you should not know ;



But caution triumphs over pride  
And now you know the worst," she cried.

Herman had spoken not a word  
Since he the startling facts had heard,  
His face was pale, his lips compressed,  
'Twas plain to see he was distressed.

At length he slowly raised his head,  
"Strange I ne'er guessed the truth," he said,  
"This trouble must be bravely met,  
Fear not, my dear, I love you yet,  
Nor can reproach you since I know  
How full has been your cup of woe."

And then he asked, with puzzled air,  
"What could so change a person's hair?  
Yours once was auburn, very bright,  
But now it is as dark as night."

"I wear a wig," the culprit said,  
"Mine is a closely shaven head;  
The ruse was a success, I see,  
And quite concealed identity."

Herman awhile sat lost in thought,  
The future seemed with danger fraught,  
And then he spoke, "I'll not conceal  
The great anxiety I feel ;  
Your confidence is not misplaced  
And though we have no time to waste,  
We can arrange some plan, I'm sure,  
Your perfect safety to secure."

The next day was the battle waged,  
And the stern conflict fiercely raged ;  
'Twas thought, that on that field of strife,  
Young Allan Worth laid down his life.

Above that vast field, strewn with slain,  
The air was filled with shrieks of pain ;  
The wounded called in vain for drink,  
Some, as their life-blood ebbed, would sink  
Into a state of dumb despair ;  
Some spend their latest breath in prayer.

There came a tender nurse that day  
Who wiped the blood from lips away

And held a sparkling, cooling cup  
For those who had the strength to sup ;  
Sighed where grim death had done his worst  
And sought for those who still could thirst.

Thus all day long she gave her aid  
Till fell at last the evening shade  
Upon Antietam's fateful vale ;  
And stars looked down so cold and pale,  
It seemed their glory bright had waned,  
Dimmed by the record heroes gained.  
But the brave nurse of whom we write  
Was seen no more from that dread night ;  
Whither she went there's none could tell,  
Or they could guard a secret well.

Kentucky holds a home to-day  
Where merry lads and lasses play ;  
A sweet, love-sheltered, little nest  
Where nothing rude comes to molest.  
Here, Herman Newell and his wife  
Now lead a peaceful, happy life,  
And at their fireside long has smiled  
The dear old face of Mary Wilde.

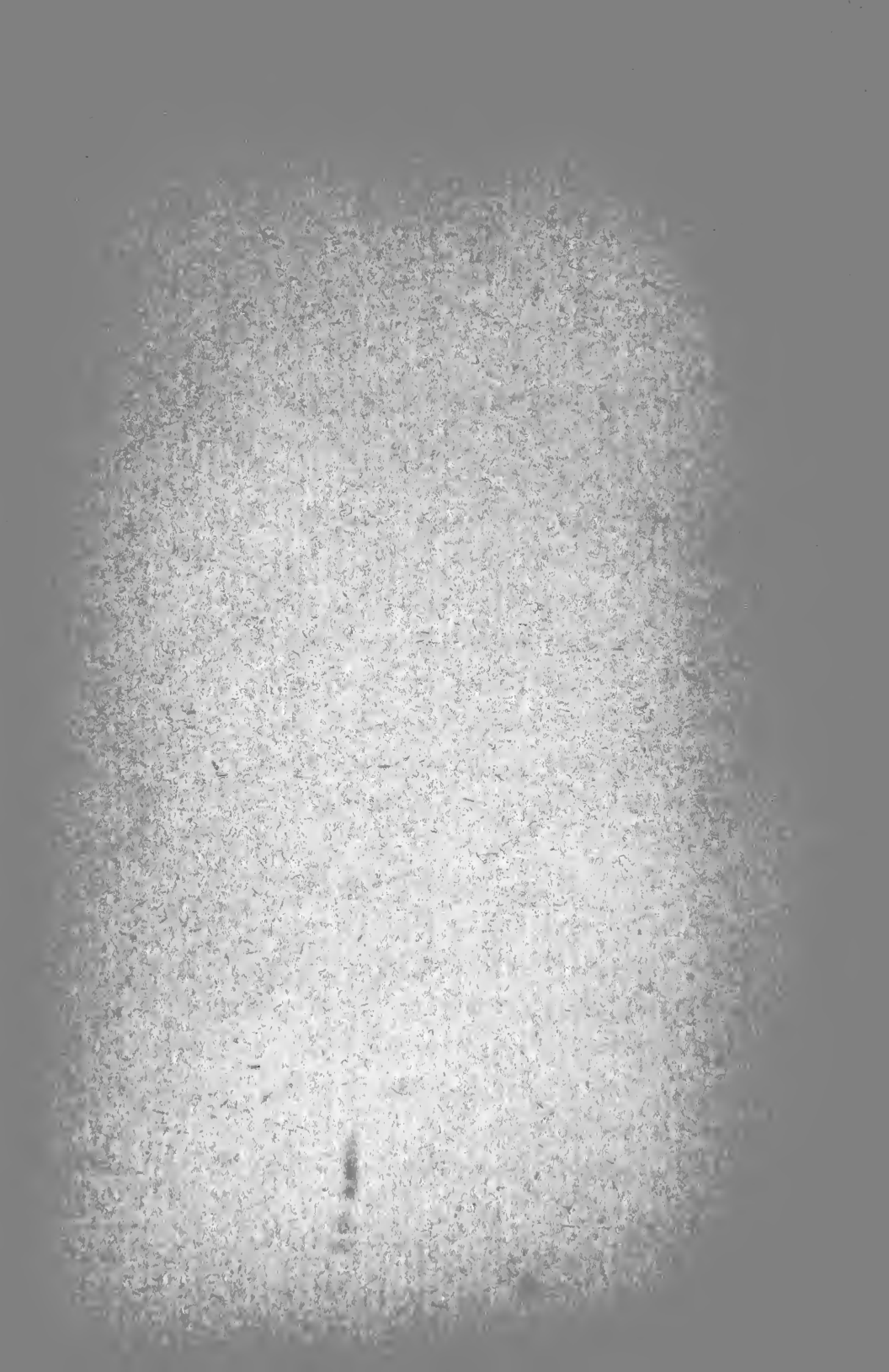
Here they their wedded life began,  
They never visit Michigan.  
The mother's sands of life were run  
Before the cruel war was done,  
And Herman has no ties to call  
Him from the spot which holds his all ;  
Nor does he choose to take his wife  
Where fell the shadows on her life.

Of that green wood they sometimes tell,  
Where they one evening said farewell ;  
And Alice says the summer breeze  
Finds nowhere else such grand old trees.

The song, which Herman loved when young,  
Is still by Alice sweetly sung ;  
And sometimes when the prayers are said,  
The little ones asleep in bed,  
They speak in voices, soft and low,  
Their memories of the long ago ;  
Speak of their dreary life in camp,  
Of fields of carnage, once so damp  
With blood of noble heroes, slain  
To free our land from treason's stain.

They sometimes of Antietam speak,  
But ever with a flushing cheek,  
Still dreaming they alone on earth  
Could tell how vanished Allan Worth.

THE END.



## THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

---

DEAR Father and Mother:—I write you to-day  
From Strawberry Plains, where in waiting we lay  
For orders from those who are high in command,  
We move in the work as our leaders have planned;  
This is all that remains for a private to do.  
Sometimes in these days I am fearfully blue,  
And wish every duty, between us and peace,  
Might soon be performed and hostilities cease.

I am tired of this life, and so long for my home,  
Not far from its portals again would I roam.  
A soldier's life now looks less tempting to me,  
Camped out on the plains here in old Tennessee,  
Than it did when at home I beheld it afar  
And dreamed of the glory pertaining to war.  
I was then a wild lad and troublesome too,  
But if I am spared to return home to you,

I think you will find that some lessons I've learned;  
In the book of my life a new leaf will be turned.  
I would rather be ploughing the fallow again,  
Or dragging it slowly with Brindle and Ben,  
Than standing a picket out here on the plain,  
On a dark, murky night in a drizzling rain.

I often have grumbl'd at Michigan weather,  
But all of the Michigan winters together  
Could never so chill one, it now seems to me,  
As the cold winds that strike us in East Tennessee.  
'Tis a beautiful country, I freely admit,  
I've a view of the plains from the place where I sit,  
And the old Alleghanies look lovingly down  
On our white gleaming tents, a miniature town,  
And were he not homesick, the scenery would be  
A constant delight to a fellow like me.

And now, Mother dear, I must tell you one thing  
Which sorrow I know to poor Gertie will bring;  
She asked about Ernest McCulloch, you see,  
The very last time she was writing to me;  
His letters for sometime were frigid, she thought,  
But no explanation has she ever sought,



And now they have ceased, and she wishes to know  
What I think the cause of his treating her so ;  
And I, like the coward I am, do not dare  
To tell her that he is as fickle as air,  
And so I take refuge in silence, you see,  
And leave you to manage the matter for me.

There's a girl living near, who is youthful and sweet,  
Whose conquest of Ernest I think is complete,  
She is winsome and lovely as maiden can be,  
And deems her admirer as guileless as she.  
Her father was rich when the trouble began,  
But now is reduced to a pauper, poor man !  
I think Ernest pitied the daughter at first,—  
But now finds he loves her—I've told you the worst.

The blue eyes of Gertie seem looking me through,  
While her white lips are asking if this can be true ;  
It is true ! and if Ernest McCulloch had died  
In battle, her grief would have mingled with pride.  
His name stood enrolled on that record of light,  
With heroes who fell in defence of the right ;  
But he's acted the coward ; I'm thinking to-day  
We sometimes make idols of very poor clay.

But, wise little mother, your counsel bestow,  
And all will be well with dear sister, I know;  
Still I often wonder just what I should do,  
Were some other fellow to rob me of Sue.

Tell lone Widow Simpson that Ted is all right;  
The lad was most terribly frightened last night;  
Ted's a number one drummer and good, as boys go,  
But famous for getting in mischief, you know;  
He went out last evening some chickens to catch,  
On returning discovered a nice melon-patch;  
He hung up his plunder and sat down to eat  
When some of the other boys reached his retreat,  
These comrades had silently followed his track,  
They now took the chickens both out of the sack,  
In the place of his booty they put a great stone,  
Then hiding, one boy gave an agonized moan;  
The moan was succeeded by groans, loud and deep,  
And chills up his spine were beginning to creep,  
He suspected that some one was playing a game  
But thought that he better be going, the same,  
He endeavored to take down the sack with its  
freight  
And was greatly alarmed when he noticed its weight.

When a voice, deep and dreadful, said, "heavy is sin!  
Terrence Simpson, its wages are hidden within,  
Now be not deluded, your deeds are all known."  
Teddy fainted with fright and fell 'neath the stone.  
The boys soon revived him and brought him to camp,  
As I write he sits near me, we all love the scamp;  
He is still somewhat pale, the effect of his fright,  
But just tell his mother that Ted is all right.

This letter is long, but I've nothing to do,  
And so I am talking on paper to you.  
It is rumored of late that we soon are to leave,  
So mother, please write me, that I may receive  
A letter from home, without any delay,  
Before the time comes for my marching away.  
Your letters are treasures I know how to prize,  
But I long for a glance from your love-lighted eyes;  
To tell the truth, mother, I'm pining for you,  
And the sight of dear father, and Gertrude and Sue.

The cause of my country is dear to my heart,  
Don't think I am weary of taking her part;  
I do not regret that I came to her aid,  
And think her deserving the sacrifice made.

I only would say that the home of my youth  
I see in the strong light of reason and truth,  
That I've learned the worth of the friends I possess,  
In boyhood was thoughtless and valued them less.  
And now, my dear parents, a loving adieu  
Your boy in the army, your poor, homesick Lew.

## THAT BUCKET OF MARMALADE.

---

WE chaps who went to face the foe,  
Faced many other things, you know,  
In fact we have to do so yet,  
For veterans can ne'er forget  
Any good drive they ever had  
On a misguided soldier lad.

They sometimes got a joke on me,  
They did in eighteen sixty-three;  
And every time we meet they'll say  
"How are you, Ike? Feel well to-day?  
And is your appetite as good  
As when we camped in Temple's wood,  
And you such heavy onslaught made  
On that bucket of marmalade?"

I now laugh at the joke, you see,  
But couldn't much in sixty-three.

You never heard that story told?  
Well, it is good if it is old,  
And if you're not in haste to go,  
I'll tell you all about it, Joe.  
We'll sit down here beneath this oak  
And while I spin the yarn we'll smoke.

Orders were very strict, you see,  
As strict as orders well could be,  
"There should no foraging be done,"  
But nonsense! Joe, it went right on.  
Of course, we chaps walked pretty light  
Whene'er we made a raid at night;  
Had they known half we were about  
They would have punished us, no doubt.

One night Bill Jones and Tom McCree  
And Leonard White they said to me,  
"Now Ike, look here, you just sleep light,  
We have a job on hand to-night,  
We'll have a feast and no mistake  
If we no horrid blunder make."  
So when the camp at last was still  
From out our bunks crept me and Bill

And stole along without delay  
Where Len and Tommy waiting lay,  
And then we all set bravely off,  
Not daring though to sneeze or cough.  
We chose, of course, a moonless night,  
But stars were out and by their light  
We took our silent cautious way  
To where an old plantation lay.

The Southern people, it would seem,  
Build near some little running stream  
Which they from shore to shore will span  
By milk-house on a spacious plan,  
Besides the milk, too, other stores  
Were safely kept within its doors,  
Or had been safely kept, I mean,  
Until by hungry soldiers seen,  
Who, tired of hard-tack, longed instead  
For a good dish of milk and bread.

It was the forager's delight  
To force those doors at dead of night,  
And from the spoils of such a raid  
Full many a tempting meal was made.

To Yankees those estates look queer,  
We make so much of roads up here,  
While there the place of their abode  
Is often far from public road.  
Now we would think it very strange  
To see a farmer here arrange  
To build a stately residence  
Nearly a mile from road line fence;  
But at the South 'tis often done,  
And this farmhouse was such a one.

It loomed up dark and threat'ningly  
Beneath the starlit summer sky;  
But we boys did not feel afraid,  
We kept beneath the friendly shade  
Of tree and shrub, and gazed around,  
Sure we a fruitful field had found  
For depredations which would give  
Us something good on which to live.

At length, Len said, " Let's get to work,  
Now Billy don't you try to shirk,  
You come with me, and Ike, I say,  
That you and Tom must find a way



To get into the milk-house near,  
But listen sharp and if you hear  
A noise you think may bode you ill  
Just imitate the whip-poor-will,  
And we will come to your relief;  
But we must make our visit brief;  
The smoke-house is not far away,  
We'll visit that and make it pay."

We were as cautious as could be,  
Making a circuit noiselessly,  
And very soon the milk-house found;  
But here our hopes fell to the ground,  
The strong door stood with lock and chain,  
And all our efforts were in vain;  
We pushed and pulled with all our might  
Until we noticed, with delight,  
That deeply sat within the wall  
There was a window square and small.

'Twas open to admit the air,  
And I said, "Tommy if you dare,  
I'm much the taller, as you know,  
Just mount my shoulders, in you go!"

"No, thank you, comrade," Tommy said,  
"I'd rather you would go instead."

Without more words, I clambered in,  
The place was just as dark as sin,  
I'd struck a match to make a light  
When I was seized with sudden fright,  
A savage dog came down the hill,  
The signal of the whip-poor-will  
Never occurred to us at all;  
I cowered against the cold stone wall,  
While Tom, poor Tom! danced round and round  
In mortal terror of the hound;  
Then yelling like a painted brave  
Thus to the others warning gave.

They'd just secured a ham and fowl  
When startl'd by the double howl.  
Now rushing down came Bill and Len,  
Only to rush away again,  
And after them, in fierce pursuit  
Was following the angry brute.  
I feared he'd soon on soldiers feast,  
When, all at once, the tumult ceased;—

I don't know what they did, but Len  
Said Tray would never howl again.

Meanwhile Tom, filled with fear and dread,  
With speed had toward the quarters fled.  
When all were gone I struck a light,  
And there beheld a pleasing sight;  
It seemed that storehouse was replete  
With everything that's good to eat.  
I gazed around as in a dream,  
Then feasted upon cake and cream.  
Then looking round in eager quest  
For something that would be the best  
To give the boys a royal treat,  
(We had a famous tooth for sweet),  
I saw with other fruits displayed  
A bucket full of marmalade.

Soon to this wondrous prize of mine  
I had attached my fishing line,  
Grasping the bucket with a will,  
I reached again the window sill,  
I then let down the precious freight  
And, daring not to hesitate

Dropped swiftly to the ground below.  
How far I fell I do not know ;  
I could not swear to it, 'tis true,  
But think of windows there were two,  
For no such distance could have been  
Beneath the one where I went in.

I got one of those sudden jars  
Which makes a fellow see new stars,  
And my poor head seemed whirling round  
With a queer sort of buzzing sound.

But when that queer sensation passed  
And I could stand alone at last,  
I thought it time for my retreat  
And sought the camp with flying feet.

'Twas great relief to reach my tent,  
In, like a sneaking thief I went ;  
There, curled up in a little heap  
I found my bunkmate fast asleep:

I hid my prize and went to bed  
With weary limbs and aching head ;



OPENING THE BUCKET OF MARMALADE THAT PROVED TO BE SOFT SOAP.

Though it was something new to me,  
We'd had, no doubt, a glorious spree,  
And with the morning bugle call  
Came recollections of it all.

Bill, notwithstanding all his fright  
Brought in a lusty ham that night,  
And now was boasting over Len  
Who fought the cur and lost the hen.

"Ike, what have you," a comrade cried,  
"'Tis something jolly," I replied.  
Breakfast was soon prepared, and I  
Resolved at once my sauce to try,—  
As I my steaming coffee sipped  
And in the pail of hardtack dipped,  
I took a tempting mouthful up,  
But soon I dropped my coffee cup,  
Sprang to my feet and dashed away,  
And cleansed my mouth without delay.

The biting substance closely clung  
To bleeding lips and smarting tongue,

The glorious prize! my pride and hope!!  
Was but a pail of *new soft soap*.

Much as I dreaded gibes and jeers  
I shed some drops of scalding tears,  
While cruel comrades rolled around,  
Convulsed with laughter, on the ground.

The way the boys all laughed and joked  
Would wiser lads than I provoked.  
But little did my wrath avail  
They stirred the contents of the pail.

One lifted some upon a stick  
Remarking it was nice and thick,  
And like my mother used to make  
And that 'twas eaten for her sake.  
"Oh it brings back the days gone by!"  
Said Leonard, "and it makes him cry."

The joke the boys all thought so good  
Flew through the camp, I knew it would,  
And still it seems they would explode  
When they recall the episode.

I then was very young and green,  
An awkward lad about eighteen;  
And that performance cured me quite  
I never foraged from that night;  
That was my final escapade—  
The tussle with the marmalade.



WILLIE LEE.

---

THE soft, golden October sunlight  
Threw over the hillsides asheen ;  
It bathed all the summits with beauty,  
Just kissing the valleys between.

The trees in the orchards were bending  
'Neath the weight of the fruitage they bore,  
And the air, sweetly laden with fragrance,  
Came in through the old farmhouse door.

Like a beautiful, bright revelation  
Came this phase of the autumn to me,  
To the Michigan forests accustomed  
And the breath of the restless pine tree.

On the banks of the sweeping Muskegon  
I wandered and played as a child,  
Ere the sharp, ruthless axe of the woodman  
Had ruined our beautiful wild.

The forests were fast disappearing  
And farms springing up in their stead,  
The wolf held aloof from the clearing,  
The deer to the northward had fled.

Our humble and primitive dwellings  
Possessed little pleasing to view,  
And the beautiful homes of New England  
To me were as charming as new.

A guest to my dear father's sister  
I came for a season to stay,  
And enjoyed with the keenest of relish  
New beauties discovered each day.

Instead of a deep rolling river,  
On whose banks, like a silvery thread,  
Stretched the trail of the fleet-footed red man,  
Where only the daring might tread.

I found rugged hills, crowned with verdure,  
With vales nestl'd softly between,  
Where bright, purling streams, clear as crystal,  
Dashed on to the meadows so green.

My aunt was a sweet, comely woman,  
Whose smile went direct to the heart ;  
Her home was a haven of comfort  
Bespeaking the housewifely art.

My uncle, how shall I describe him ?  
Not handsome, indeed, yet not plain ;  
Not tall, but of medium stature,  
And a face which would confidence gain.

His brown eyes were earnest and tender ;  
In their depths, like a magical charm,  
Lay the light of a calm resignation,  
Uncle William had only one arm.

He lost one, aunt told me, in battle,  
“ Before you were married ? ” asked I.  
“ Yes, Nellie, ” she gently made answer,  
“ I ’ ll tell you the story by and by. ”

How fleeting that beautiful autumn !  
It passed like a short blissful dream ;  
And soon the cold breath of the winter  
Would fetter each murmuring stream.

Though my holiday, spent in New Hampshire,  
Will long a sweet memory be,  
Still the forest-decked Michigan landscapes  
Were home-like and lovely to me.

From my home, near the town of Newaygo,  
I had never been absent before ;  
My parents were growing impatient  
And wishing my visit were o'er.

So heeding the summons, just hinted,  
I soon for the West would depart,  
Recalling the promise aunt made me,  
Which I had laid up in my heart.

I came to her side in the evening  
And said, " My departure is near,  
I hope you will tell me, Aunt Ellen,  
The story you said I should hear."

I drew to her feet a low hassock  
And rested my head on her knee,  
While she, in a voice low and tender  
Rehearsed her love-story to me.

'Twas a beautiful tale of devotion  
To one who was wearing the blue ;  
And I, in my plain, humble fashion,  
Will tell it in substance to you.

My parents were natives of Linwood,  
Have never lived elsewhere than here ;  
Will's parents were much valued neighbors,  
Whose residence stood very near.

We grew up together from childhood,  
Our farms were adjoining, you see,  
The Lees had no child except Willie,  
At your Grandfather Linton's were three.

Their names, Edward, Maurice and Ellen,  
A right merry trio were we,  
Who always were sure of a welcome  
In the home of our kind neighbor Lee.

Like brothers were Maurice and Willie,  
Both jolly, and near of an age,  
While Edward was four years their senior  
And somewhat more sober and sage.

But I, only two years their junior,  
In all of their frolics took part;  
I think now that even in childhood  
I had given to Willie my heart.

Together we strolled through the wildwood  
In quest of early spring flowers,  
Or angled for fish in the trout stream,  
Beguiling the long summer hours.

We went to the same little school-house,  
From the same books studied and read,  
And oft in the cold days of winter,  
Will drew me to school on his sled.

The bright, sunny days of our childhood  
Flew by on the pinions of time,  
We marked not their musical numbers,  
We only rejoiced in their chime.

But all lads and lasses grow taller  
As year after year flies away,  
And we from our sweet, idle dreaming  
Were rudely awakened one day.

It happened one morning in April  
That father called Maurice aside  
And after a brief consultation,  
Some question had seemed to decide.

That summer my walk to the school-house  
Was usually taken alone,  
For Maurice helped Ed with the farming ;  
Will Lee to a distance had gone,

That he might have advantages greater  
Than our country schools could afford ;  
We eagerly looked for his letters,  
Remembered and cherished each word.

And when he returned at vacation,  
We hailed his appearance with joy,  
He came back unchanged by his absence  
And still was the same merry boy.

Some years must be given to study,  
And then, 'twas his parents' desire  
That he should return to the homestead  
And follow the plow, like his sire.

Before he departed that autumn  
I wore just a tiny gold band,  
'Tis a trifling token of friendship,  
Said Will, "Nellie you understand

"That to me you are like a dear sister,  
You know I have none of my own;"  
He kissed me in brotherly fashion  
As he used to before we were grown.

He sprang lightly over the paling  
And whistled a tune as he went;  
I watched till he passed from my vision,  
Then turned with a smile of content.

Will thinks of me now as a sister,  
Such friendship will never subside;  
He'll love me far more in the future  
And some day will make me his bride.

And the frail, little golden circlet,  
Which meant very little to Will,  
Was to my girlish fancy the emblem  
Of a love that is living still.



It was near the close of the autumn,  
A New England Thanksgiving day,  
We welcomed to Linwood a stranger,  
The niece of our good Dr. May.

The daughter of his only brother,  
The last of his race and his name ;  
She came to reside with her uncle  
And we were rejoiced that she came.

This Lillian May was a beauty,  
With features of loveliness rare,  
And eyes blue as pansies, just matching  
The rich golden brown of her hair.

In form she was slender and graceful,  
Her manner was pleasing and mild,  
Her face was as sweet and as tender  
As that of an innocent child.

She won all our hearts as by magic,  
We willingly bowed at her shrine ;  
Beholding the beautiful casket  
We counted the contents divine.

She joined in our rustic diversions,  
Like corn-husking bees in the barn,  
Or sat by the hour paring apples,  
Or winding some long skein of yarn.

Do you wonder that long ere the winter  
Was gone, with its frolic and fun,  
That Edward consigned to her keeping  
The heart she completely had won?

The winter passed by with its coasting,  
Its skating, and merry sleigh-rides,  
And Spring, with her emerald mantle,  
Was clothing the sloping hillsides.

When Willie, from college returning,  
Came over, at once, as of old;  
We plied him with numerous questions  
And many an incident told.

I now had become a young lady  
And so must not ramble at will,  
I longed for my haunts in the wildwood,  
And the dashing trout-stream by the mill.

Instead there were picnics and parties,  
Which did very well in their way ;  
The centre of all admiration  
Was sweet, artless Lillian May.

Her obedient escort was Edward,  
And dearly he loved her, I knew,  
Content in his love, their betrothal  
Was only made known to a few.

Lillie pleaded her youth as a reason  
That they should delay for a while  
To have their engagement made public ;  
“ You can trust me,” said she, with a smile.

And he, with a lover's devotion,  
Had readily granted her plea,  
Only asking to speak on the subject  
To her uncle, our parents and me.

And thus was the matter still resting  
When Willie returned to the farm ;  
He met her quite often, like others  
He soon was subdued by her charm.

As time passed his interest deepened,  
He spent many hours at her side,  
Nor dreamed as she smiled, that another  
Could claim her as his promised bride.

My brother was proud and in anger  
Turned silently, coldly away,  
Renouncing his friendship for Willie  
And passion for Lillian May.

There now was dislike and aversion  
Where friendship had hitherto been ;  
Thus often the innocent suffer  
While those appear blameless who sin.

Though I had my own secret sorrow,  
As you have discovered, my dear,  
I grieved that these ties should be severed  
With grief that was truly sincere.

---

Just now through the breadth of our country  
There sounded the dreadful alarm  
Of bold and high-handed rebellion,  
Which called for each patriot arm.

What noted we then of our troubles?  
We laid disagreements aside,  
As fathers and brothers and cousins  
Were swelling the outgoing tide.

At once in our home there was arming  
For part in the terrible fray,  
Both Edward and Maurice enlisted  
And soon would be marching away.

Will Lee called upon us but seldom  
Since Edward was distant and cold,  
But now in this time of excitement  
He dropped in again as of old.

One eve as the glory of sunset  
Was gliding the west with its flame,  
Will came and leaned in on the casement  
And calling me softly by name,

Said, "Nellie, come out in the garden,  
I've something important to say,  
I've enlisted and soon shall be leaving,  
And there is no time for delay."

My heart with emotion was swelling  
As Willie, with face all aglow,  
Gave into my care and my keeping  
His sweetheart, my rival, you know.

His eyes, full of eloquent pleading,  
Looked earnestly down upon me;  
I could not refrain from remarking  
That I was still younger than she.

"Yes, that is quite true," he made answer,  
"But you're self-reliant and strong,  
While Lillie is timid and shrinking,  
The days will be dreary and long.

"The poor little girl loves me dearly,  
I'm sorry to leave her," he said,  
Oh! how I was longing to tell him  
Just how she had treated our Ed.

But pride and reserve held me silent  
Lest he should my secret suspect,  
I swallowed a sob in my anguish  
And promised his love to protect,

From what or from whom did not question ;  
    Since he seemed to think it was best  
To leave her in somebody's keeping,  
    I could but respect his request.

I well knew he meant me to comfort  
    And soothe her in sorrow and woe,  
Should he die or be wounded in battle,  
    Endeavor to soften the blow.

I regarded this promise as sacred ;  
    Though I had misgivings for Will  
I strove as one friend to another  
    His parting behest to fulfill.

The morning, at length, came for parting,  
    And bidding our soldiers adieu,  
We gathered around, friends and neighbors,  
    But words were low spoken and few.

The brave little band there assembled  
    That forth to the conflict would go,  
Were all in the first flush of manhood,  
    Their hearts with youth's fervor aglow.

Thus went forth the flower of our nation  
From the length and the breadth of our land.  
Oh ! the heart-aches and dread desolation,  
The bereft can alone understand.

Long after my brother's departure,  
Our mother, quite shaken by grief,  
Claimed all of my time and attention,  
This care was to me a relief.

It left me no time for repining,  
No time for indulgence in tears,  
This labor of love for my parents  
Was balm to my heart in those years.

Lillie came to our house very often,  
And we grew more intimate then,  
She spoke of her passion for Willie,  
And called him a king among men.

"But tell me," I pleaded, one evening,  
"How you could cast Edward aside  
When you had so solemnly promised  
That you would ere long be his bride?"



"You should not be scolding me, Nellie,"  
She laid her bright head on my knee,  
"I thought that I loved Edward dearly  
Till I met his friend, Willie Lee.

"I knew the first moment I saw him  
That he held my fate in his hand;  
He's not tall and handsome, like Edward,  
But Oh! he's so noble and grand!"

And then I sat silently musing,  
I meant not to be too severe,  
Still knew that the girl there before me  
Had broken a heart I held dear.

I chided my heart for its throbbing  
As I pictured my desolate life,  
While one heartless, thoughtless and fickle  
I fancied a dearly loved wife.

How seldom the veil of the future  
Is lifted for mortals below,  
How little we know in our blindness  
Of blessings the years may bestow.

At first the boys wrote us quite often  
Then letters were farther apart.  
We searched all the papers for tidings  
Till we had their contents by heart.

One day I returned from the office  
With face so distorted and pale  
That mother, who came out to meet me,  
Read therein some terrible tale.

The paper I held in my fingers  
She took from me quickly and read  
That Edward, her idolized first-born,  
The pride of our household, was dead!

Poor mother! I ne'er shall forget it,  
That look of unspeakable woe;  
And then, with a face white as marble,  
She fainted and fell 'neath the blow.

And father, his grief was heart-rending,  
It seemed it would kill him, outright,  
But he bore up bravely for her sake  
And left not her side day or night.

The first snow of winter was falling  
On orchard and forest and field,  
Ere mother again filled the station,  
Her anguish compelled her to yield.

Our letters from Maurice were frequent,  
As letters from soldiers might be ;  
And Willie, who seemed in good spirits,  
Wrote Lillie, his parents and me.

The winter passed drearily by us  
And brought little change in our life ;  
We watched, with anxiety fearful,  
For news of the far distant strife.

Our hearts thrilled with proud exultation  
When hearing of victories gained,  
Or sank in despair or dejection  
When loss and defeat were sustained.

Eight months had elapsed since our Edward  
Had laid down his life for the right,  
When again came the terrible tidings—  
Another had fallen in fight.

Not dead, only wounded in action,  
The *Chronicle* briefly had said ;  
We feared as we read the sad message  
That even ere this, he was dead.

But God in His infinite mercy  
Had willed it should otherwise be ;  
And soon there arrived a brief letter  
Directed to poor Mr. Lee.

It was written by one of the nurses  
Where Will in a hospital lay,  
Said the writer, " Your son, who is wounded,  
Is asking for you night and day."

Will's father and mother were feeble  
And now were so shaken by fears,  
'Twas dreadful to witness their sorrow ;  
Together we mingled our tears.

To me who had cherished his image  
Since we were small children at play  
Came a peaceful and calm resignation  
I could not have fathomed that day.

A long and a tedious journey  
The father now ventured upon,  
For him 'twas a great undertaking,  
But he only thought of his son.

Arriving at his destination,  
He wrote to the grief-stricken one  
At home, and so anxiously waiting,  
Just what had befallen her son.

She placed in my hand the long letter  
And said, in a tremulous tone,  
"I am glad you are with me this evening,  
I dreaded to read it alone."

Mr. Lee found Willie still living,  
Though close to the brink of the grave  
Still hoped that a strong constitution  
And excellent nursing might save.

At present he could not remove him  
From under the good surgeon's care;  
He bade her meanwhile to be hopeful  
And mention them daily in prayer.

And then he went on to prepare her  
For serious changes in Will ;  
Before we had finished the reading  
The hearts in our bosoms stood still.

Our strong, manly son is a wreck, wife,  
Of the boy who went out from the farm ;  
At Gettysburg, valiantly fighting,  
While charging, he lost his left arm.

He is otherwise painfully wounded,  
But seems to be doing quite well ;  
Should there be a change for the worse, dear,  
I'll send a dispatch on to L—.

Long after I finished the letter  
I sat with my eyes on the floor ;  
I feared its effect on the mother,  
But she was more calm than before.

'Tis terrible! Nellie, my darling,  
Should he live, is crippled for life ;  
And some one must carry the tidings  
To one who will soon be his wife.

And now I remembered the promise  
I made in the garden to Will,  
I deemed it was only my duty  
And hastn'd the trust to fulfill.

For me 'twas a delicate mission,  
A pitiful, heart-breaking task !  
How would Lillian meet this affliction,  
I dreaded the shadow to cast.

There were others, I knew, who as deeply  
Would grieve o'er this chapter of woes ;  
While some must be silently patient,  
Each heart its own bitterness knows.

With all her sweet radiant beauty  
She seemed little more than a child ;  
I pitied her then, in her anguish,  
Her grief was so bitter and wild.

I strove to administer comfort,  
My gentle remonstrance was vain,  
She only replied by fresh outbursts,  
While tears fell like torrents of rain.

“Let her cry,” said the worthy physician,  
“Such tears are a source of relief.”  
So I sadly returned from my mission  
And left her alone with her grief.

The days were as long and as dreary  
As Willie foretold they would be ;  
But since there arrived no dispatches  
He surely is better, thought we.

And we were correct, for the father  
At length, sent a letter to say  
That Willie was rapidly gaining  
And soon they would be on their way.

The soft, sweet, September sunshine  
Lay over the old Granite State  
And bathed in its brightness the homestead  
Where loved ones in eagerness wait.

The rumbling old stage from the village  
Rolls up to the Lee cottage door,  
By the help of his father and driver  
Will crosses the threshold once more.





WILLIE LEE ARRIVES HOME.

How solemn and sacred the meeting  
Between the loved mother and son!  
But we draw a veil o'er the greeting  
Let no careless eyes look thereon.

From the fond embrace of his mother  
Will turned to the girl of his choice,  
From the pale frozen lips of his idol  
There issued no welcoming voice.

Lillie scanned the battle-wrecked hero,  
Her face full of horror and dread,  
And then like a storm-broken blossom  
She fell at his feet like one dead.

They called me in haste to her bedside  
And ere long she slowly revived,  
But to moan and bewail the condition  
In which her affianced arrived.

"Oh, Nellie! he does look so dreadful!  
He is not at all like my Will!  
I was not expecting to see him  
So shockingly changed, and so ill.

“ And then 'tis so awful to see it,  
That limp sleeve without any arm !  
I wish he had not joined the army  
But always remained on the farm.”

In silent and stern indignation  
I turned and escaped from the room—  
And this is the girl he will marry !  
'Tis truly a terrible doom !

I wanted to welcome the soldier  
For I had not seen him as yet,  
On a couch I found him reclining  
And fancied his eyelids were wet ;

But quiet as though he were sleeping ;  
His one hand reposed on his breast,  
As after fatigue and excitement,  
He lay calmly taking his rest.

How wasted and worn were his features,  
Their hue like the pallor of death !  
One scarcely would think he were living  
But for his deep regular breath.

He seemed not to note my approaching  
Till softly I stepped to his side  
And laying my hand on his forehead,  
“Welcome home, brave soldier,” I cried.

“And so this is you, little Nellie,  
Are you not afraid of me too?  
Don't I look to you like a phantom  
Or spectre of some boy in blue?”

“Oh, you are much more than a spectre,  
'Tis true you are wasted and wan,  
But now you're at home with your mother  
You soon will be hearty again.”

“I may regain health in a measure,  
But I am a cripple for life;  
Perhaps it would have been better  
Had I fallen dead in the strife.”

“You are one of the props of the nation  
And what can you ask to be more?  
Your life in itself is a treasure,  
And holds many blessings in store.”

“ God grant that it may, but I tell you  
’Tis hard to be found in such plight  
That the girl I adore faints before me,  
And nearly is killed by the fright ;

“ And that after I was expected  
For such a long wearisome while,  
But I am no doubt, weak and childish.”  
His lips frame a pitiful smile.

“ She was quite overcome by emotion  
To see you so wasted and pale ;  
You know she is timid and shrinking,  
No wonder her courage should fail.

“ Now banish all fears and foreboding  
No time for repining to-night ;  
This day of your happy home-coming  
Should hold only joy and delight.”

I left him, returning to Lillie,  
For once I spoke freely my mind ;  
I tried to do this in a manner  
Which would not seem harsh or unkind,

But told her what I deemed her duty,  
And strove to make her understand  
How Will in his heart must be longing  
For one kindly touch of her hand.

The result of this conversation,  
At least, was a comfort to me;  
She somewhat recovered her spirits  
And finally, "Nellie," said she,

"'Twas a coward's reception I gave him,  
And I am ashamed of it too!  
I'll go now and welcome my soldier,—  
I wish I were braver, like you."

As the door closed softly behind her  
I felt that some good had been done,  
And though my own heart had been aching  
O'er it I had victory won.

The evening so peaceful and holy,  
With its star-gemmed diadem bright,  
Fell over the landscape in beauty  
As we said a cheerful, good night.

As Willie each day became stronger,  
Of Maurice he often would speak,  
And Oh, how his brown eyes would kindle!  
The color mount up to his cheek,

When speaking of terrible conflicts  
In which they had fought side by side;  
To praise he bestowed upon Maurice  
My parents would listen with pride.

But now we grew sad and disheartened  
As month after month passed away,  
And still from the front came the tidings  
Of many a fearful affray.

In the midst of the battle went Maurice,  
It seemed that he bore a charmed life,  
The officers noticed his valor  
In fearlessly facing the strife.

We carefully noted all details,  
And proud of our heroes were we  
While watching the unsurpassed triumph  
Of Sherman's grand march to the sea.

And when came the glorious tidings  
That Lee had surrendered, at last,  
Our fervent and joyful thanksgiving  
Was never by mortals surpassed.

Now we very soon should see Maurice  
And joyfully welcome him home :  
The dreadful Rebellion was over  
And ere long our loved one would come.

One letter contained an announcement  
Which set our old homestead astir,  
At the South he should marry a lady  
And claimed a warm welcome for her.

Oh, there were such happy reunions !  
Scenes ever remembered by all,  
As many brave heroes surviving  
Returned to their homes in the fall.

How noble and grand was our Maurice,  
He an officer's uniform wore,  
The bright epaulets of a major  
Upon his broad shoulders he bore.



Promoted for bravery in battle  
At Williamsburg and at Bull Run,  
At Gettysburg, too, made a record  
Which for him distinction had won.

His wife was a bright winsome creature,  
Of whom it is needless to tell,  
Since better you know your dear mother  
Than does your old auntie, my Nell.

They lived for a year at the homestead,  
Then brother to Michigan went;  
Engaging in pine speculation  
He soon for his family sent.

Since you were an infant, my namesake,  
You've lived in the Wolverine State;  
But I must proceed with the story  
For which you impatiently wait.

When Maurice and family left us  
The old home was lonely, indeed,  
Of all of my strong self-reliance  
I found that I now stood in need.

The health of my father was failing,  
    Much care now devolved upon me,  
I cheerfully took up the burden,  
    Nor murmured at heaven's decree.

Will Lee still remained with his parents,  
    No change had there been in his life,  
The girl he had worshiped so blindly,  
    Ere this was another man's wife.

To Lillie he never alluded,  
    Although we were intimate friends ;  
I knew nothing only conjectured  
    True love ne'er to question descends.

In autumn the fell hand of fever  
    Was heavily laid on the Lees ;  
They bore out Will's father and mother  
    To sleep 'neath the green willow trees ;

While over the couch of the soldier  
    The death-angel hovered so near  
That those who were tenderly watching  
    Were filled with foreboding and fear.

Delirium clouded his reason,  
His mind would revert to the past,  
He would call out to Edward and Maurice  
And say they were marching too fast.

At times he would call out to Nellie  
To come and sit down by his side,  
That he might entreat her to love him  
And some future day be his bride.

The cry that arose from that sick-room  
Went straight to my desolate heart,  
I then learned the love which he bore me,  
The truth which he feared to impart;

And thoughts of the pride of the Lintons  
Still surged through his fever-crazed brain  
With the fear that his suit, if he pressed it  
Would meet with repulse and disdain.

My tears fell like rain on his pillow,  
No thought of resentment had I,  
My life should be one of devotion  
If ever this dark cloud rolled by.

It seemed the death-angel would triumph ;  
I prayed as I ne'er prayed before  
That God would in merciful kindness  
The health of my loved one restore.

God granted my prayer, and one evening  
His brown eyes were fixed upon mine ;  
A look of such love-light and longing  
I could not have failed to define.

I took the thin hand of my patient  
And sat down my vigil to keep,  
While he, the first time during illness,  
Sank into a sweet peaceful sleep.

While Will was so weak and enfeebled  
I dared not to leave him alone  
To the care of the cousin who nursed him,  
The gentle, kind-hearted Ned Stone.

When he was pronounced convalescent  
I left him to Ned's tender care,  
Returned to the home of my parents  
To find a new restfulness there.

The care of the Lees in their illness  
Had much of it fallen on me,  
After all this unwonted exertion  
'Twas sweet in its shelter to be.

But I was not ill, only weary,  
And ere long my strength had regained.  
I sometimes called in to see Willie,  
But ever felt shy and restrained,

Determined to make no advances ;  
I had striven to do well my part,  
From all I had done, and had suffered,  
He surely had fathomed my heart.

The snow from the hills had departed,  
The south wind whispered of flowers,  
Ere Willie the strength had recovered  
To walk from his cottage to ours.

'Tis needless to say he came often,  
His home was as still as a tomb,  
And grief for the loss of his parents  
Threw o'er it a desolate gloom.

The spring swiftly sped toward the summer  
And we were rejoiced to behold  
That Willie, his health now returning,  
Was more like the Willie of old.

He seemed to grow hopeful and happy  
And chatted more freely with me,  
We pitied his lonely condition  
And often he tarried to tea.

One evening we walked in the garden,  
As once we had walked there before,  
Our theme was the valor of soldiers  
Who arms in the late trouble bore.

Said Will, in his impulsive fashion,  
"We worship such heroes as those,  
And yet on the plain of life's conflict  
They might have been vanquished, who knows?

"I stood a true soldier in action,  
And fell with my face to the foe,  
But could easier face a battalion,  
Than one little woman I know.

“To-night I have summoned my courage,  
    ’Twill be victory, dear, or defeat,  
I now stake my all on the venture,  
    And calmly the issue will meet ;

“Will lay my life open before you  
    And let you look into my heart,  
Should the sight of its contents appall you  
    I soon for the West shall depart.

“My infatuation for Lillie  
    You knew from the first, Nellie dear,  
But I have repented my folly  
    For more than a long, bitter year.

“When I returned home so disabled  
    You knew how she shrank from me then,  
I attributed all to her weakness,  
    Oh, I was the blindest of men !

“For I am not fickle by nature  
    And so I could not understand  
That the heartless and beautiful creature,  
    Wished me to relinquish her hand.

“ But once when I spoke of our bridal  
    She threw of the mask she had worn,  
The words which she uttered were cruel  
    And grievous, indeed, to be borne.

“ I saw how deformed was her nature,  
    My idol had crumbled to clay ;  
All I had deemed love and devotion  
    Was turned into loathing that day.

“ I learned then I never had loved her,  
    It was but a fancy of youth,  
Though rudely awakened I bless her  
    For having once told me the truth.

“ In contrast to hers was presented  
    Your own pure and unselfish life,  
Your kindness to one who was crippled,  
    And tears for those fallen in strife.

“ Nell, we have been friends from our childhood,  
    But, darling, I crave something more ;  
I'll strive to make happy your future,  
    Oh, give me the right, I implore.



“The wife of a poor one armed soldier  
I ask you my love to become,  
My life will be worthless without you  
And dark and deserted my home.”

You know that I could not refuse him,  
I promised to marry him soon;  
He gave me the kiss of betrothal  
That night 'neath the light of the moon.

September smiled sweet on our bridal;  
I have never regretted my choice,  
To see you as happy, my darling,  
Will make your Aunt Ellen rejoice.

---

Aunt ceased for the story was finished;  
I was but a girl of sixteen,  
But the romance, so sad, and so tender  
Is still in my memory green.

I vowed I would marry a soldier;  
The best I've been able to do  
Was to capture the son of a hero  
Who perished while wearing the blue.

Now Peace spreads her snowy white pinions  
And smiles on this land of the free ;  
We'll cherish their memory ever  
Who died, my dear country, for thee.

Let the grave of each gallant defender  
Be strewn with the blossoms of May,  
And gather the last bloom of autumn  
Above their brave bosoms to lay

## MICHIGAN PINE.

---

THERE'S a chord in my heart which vibrates with  
pain

At the sight of a pine standing lone on the plain ;  
And memory reverts to that pioneer day  
When those lords of the forests held absolute sway,  
And the Michigan pines in their glory were seen  
An unbroken splendor of shimmering green.

I was but a child, but my eyes will grow wet  
As I picture the scene which my vision first met,  
As I came from the East, where the pines failed to grow,  
And viewed their expanse 'neath the sun's golden glow.  
'Twas the Muskegon valley, Oh, beautiful sight !  
Whose vast sea of green filled my heart with delight.  
How it rose, and then fell with the breath of the breeze,  
That great restless sea of gigantic pine trees.

And as we arrived at the valley at last  
And through the dense forest with difficulty passed,

The air was so sweet with the breath of the pine  
That it lifted our spirits like draughts of new wine.  
But never again may we gaze on that scene ;  
A dream of the past is that splendor of green.  
The restless Muskegon sweeps down to its mouth,  
The soft, whispering zephyrs come up from the south,  
But the pines where they reveled and sported in glee  
They never again in their visits shall see.

I wonder sometimes as I lovingly dream  
Of that valley of pine and its deep rolling stream  
If the cedars of Lebanon, stately and fair,  
Could e'er with our own native pine tree compare ;  
And deep in my heart there is hidden a shrine  
Sacred to the memory of Michigan Pine.

## WHITTIER.

---

WHITTIER our bard is dead !  
And above his silent bed  
We now weep,  
Done with earthly care and pain  
This our loss is but his gain,  
Sweet his sleep !

His pure life was like a stream  
Where the golden sunbeams gleam  
As it flows,  
Lapsing into restful shade  
Which the length'ning shadows made  
Near its close.

His was not a mighty pen,  
But it thrilled the hearts of men  
Many times,  
Like the sound of sweet-toned bells  
As their melting music swells  
In sweet chimes.

Some have said he had no claim  
To a great poetic name ;—

Be it so,  
Still his sweet, pathetic rhyme  
Will live through all coming time,  
This we know.

When the evening shadows fall,  
And the waiting angel's call  
Is for me,  
May I calmly view the shore  
Of the glory-evermore  
As did he.

## AN AUTUMN IDYL.

---

BRIGHTLY falls the golden sunlight  
On this autumn afternoon,  
Bathing all the earth with splendor,  
Still my harp is out of tune,

I can wake but notes of sadness;  
Mournful music fills my heart,  
Dirges for the friends of summer  
Now preparing to depart.

Some already have departed,  
Birds to sunny Southern lands,  
Flowers are dead, and soon the brooklets  
Will be bound in icy bands.

We must bid farewell to brightness  
E'en the leaves upon the trees,  
Glowing now with gold and crimson  
Will be scattered by the breeze.

Thus, poor heart! thy hopes have perished,  
Youth was bright with joyous dreams,  
But they fell like leaves of autumn  
Or were chilled like ice-bound streams.

One by one they have departed  
Or like summer flowers are dead  
Leaving only memories tender  
Of the sunny days long fled.

Yet I know the breath of springtime  
Will be sweet with fragrant flowers,  
And the birds, now fleeing southward,  
Will return to Northern bowers.

Streams released from icy fetters  
Will go rippling on their way,  
Trees by autumn blasts left leafless  
Stand once more in green array.

I am soothed by these reflections,  
And there comes to me the thought  
That, perhaps, the unseen future  
May hold blessings I have sought.



Some fond hope may yet reviving  
Brighten my declining years,  
Cease, O heart ! thy vain repining,  
Hopes are better far than fears.



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

---

HIGH written on the scroll of fame  
Stands Lincoln's loved and honored name,  
He came in time of sorest need  
This nation's destinies to lead;  
He came that wrongs might be redressed;  
A Moses proved to the oppressed;  
A Heaven-appointed, upright man  
Was he, our Father Abraham.

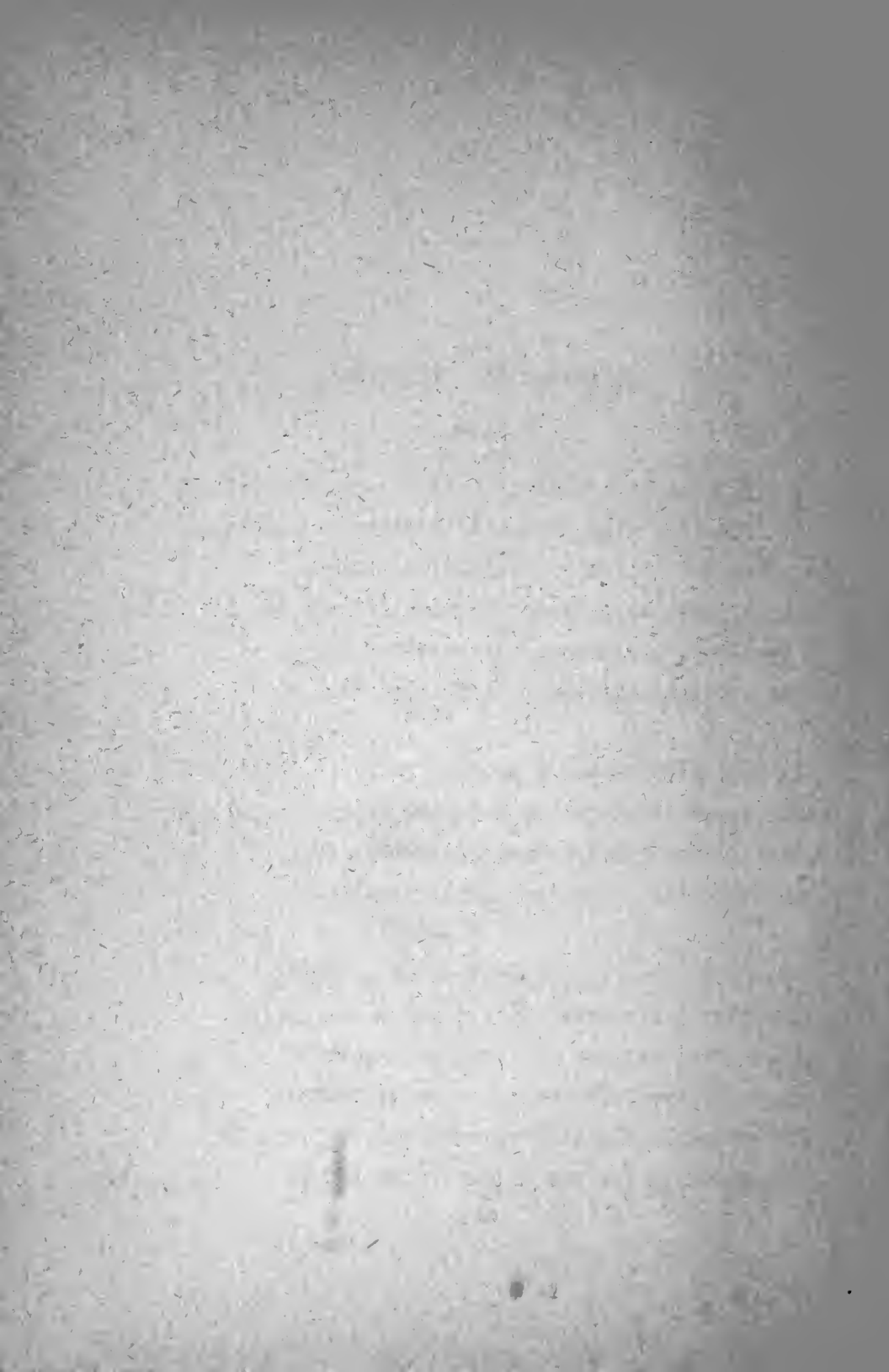
What can I say of him? I ask,  
My trembling hand shrinks from the task,  
My heart is stirred by thoughts sublime,  
But all too weak are words of mine  
To paint in colors, true and fair,  
The portrait of a soul so rare.  
No monarch e'er on gilded throne  
Such glowing qualities hath shown;  
A heart to feel and skill to plan  
Had our unequaled Abraham.

Each nation claims her mighty men,  
France boasted a Napoleon  
And Greece her Alexander great,  
But men like those can never rate  
With Lincoln, who with patriot hand  
Sought but the good of native land.  
He cherished no ambitious lust  
We yielded with implicit trust  
The helm of state to this great man,  
Our glorious Father Abraham.

When dark and lowering was our sky,  
And waves ran turbulent and high  
With calm unflinching faith he came,  
A tower of strength was Lincoln's name.  
He stood as steadfast as a rock  
No censure, wrath, or battle shock  
E'er moved his purpose firm, assured  
Which through our crucial time endured.  
"Our trust is in the great I AM  
And Right is Might," said Abraham.

The right prevailed, our helmsman fell !  
And how we mourned him none can tell ;

E'en childish hearts were well nigh broke,  
Strong men in trembling accents spoke,  
Rehearsed his kind and loving deeds  
And how he felt for others' needs.  
Ours is a land restored to peace  
Where freedom's blessings still increase,  
While he a martyr's grave has found  
In henceforth consecrated ground,  
Where nought can mar his peaceful sleep,  
Where freedom's sons and daughters weep,  
And say, as drops the grateful tear,  
"Abraham Lincoln slumbers here."



## MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

---

THE evening is hushing the toil-wearied world,  
And many-hued clouds in the west are unfurled ;  
I sit at the door of my plain, humble cot,  
Sweet peace in my heart and content with my lot ;  
I forget I am weary or burdened with care,  
For a sweet restful spirit is flooding the air.

As thus I sit pensively musing, behold !  
The moon slowly drifts through the amber and gold,  
And shedding her radiance over the scene  
Envelops the whole with a silvery sheen.

I mark the pale glory, the soft, silver light,  
And then I remember this queen of the night,  
As fair and as pure as a maiden at prayer  
Has witnessed full many a scene of despair ;  
Has shone on the field where the dying were left,  
Has shone on the cot of the orphan bereft,

From her throne at the zenith has coldly looked down  
On fields red with carnage, on battle-wrecked town,  
On tents of the soldiers who slept on their arms  
Environed by danger of sudden alarms.

Her beams often fell on the still open grave  
As soldier boys buried a comrade so brave;  
Looked in through the casement, illumined the room  
Where the widow was sleeping unconscious of doom.  
Musing on I grew sad lest this friend of my youth  
Had recreant proved to her goodness and truth,

Since she unappalled still her radiance shed  
And gazed so serenely on dying and dead.  
Again I reflected that moonlight had brought  
Its manifold blessings I'd counted as naught.

Though cold, calm and passionless, yet the fair moon  
To sad lonely watchers was often a boon,  
And if her pure light but a mockery seemed  
When over such scenes as Antietam it streamed,  
Yet often it cheered the poor sentry who stood  
On lone picket duty in valley and wood;



And I have been told that the soldiers oft read  
Their letters from home by the light which she shed.  
At length I am comforted, as I reflect  
The moon still has claims to my love and respect.



## MEMORIAL DAY.

---

**M**EMORIAL day of our patriot dead,  
Who in the cause of humanity bled,  
Proudly we garland with blossoms their bed.

Where were there ever such heroes as ours?  
Worthy, indeed, of homage and flowers!  
Let the bright petals be scattered in showers!

Though they have slumbered for many long years,  
Brighter, still brighter their record appears,  
Fondly their loved ones now smile through their tears.

Let us remember the price which they paid  
Who never disheartened, never dismayed,  
All on the altar of liberty laid.

Give to the breeze the dear banner they loved,  
The soul-stirring music to which they once moved ;  
Thus let our gratitude ever be proved.

Never forgotten, their valor shall live  
Through coming ages, and lustre shall give  
The crown which the victor at last shall receive.

## OUR FLAG.

---

I STAND beneath the starry flag  
With swelling heart and kindling eye,  
Nor wonder that for its bright folds  
So many heroes dared to die.  
Oh, precious banner of the free!  
What other land has flag like this?  
Emblem of glorious liberty,  
To die for thee were truly bliss!

Proudly it floats upon the breeze  
Like living thing by passion swayed,  
When dire calamities befall  
It droops like one by grief dismayed.  
When honored statesmen hence depart  
Its colors hang in sorrows low  
And flutter sadly at half mast  
Portraying thus a nation's woe.

A fitting winding sheet, indeed,  
For freedom's heroes has it been,  
Who fought beneath its starry folds  
To quell oppression, shame and sin.  
On battle plain, o'er mountain top  
Its colors always led the right,  
Oh, triune flag! by Heaven was planned  
Thy pattern of red, blue and white.

May coming generations love  
And cherish well with patriot pride  
The sacred folds of this dear flag  
For which their fathers fought and died.  
May cruel warfare never come  
To spoil again our native land,  
But may its stars forever gleam  
Above a happy loving band.

## COLUMBIA.

---

OUR minds revert four hundred years,  
And now in retrospect appears  
The navigator brave,  
Who, standing on the shore of Spain,  
Looked steadfastly across the main,  
Longing to breast the wave.

A watery way unknown to men  
Lay stretched before his piercing ken  
And fired his noble breast  
With purpose firm and courage high,  
He bravely dared to do or die  
For this his cherished art.

Deterred not by the scoffer's jeer,  
He clasped the cause, to him so dear,  
Still closer to his breast,  
And o'er the mighty seas set sail  
In little vessels weak and frail  
Upon his daring quest.

What he discovered we now hold ;  
Columbus, crumbled into mould,  
Beholdeth not our gain ;  
But on each lip his name we hear,  
His memory, held forever dear,  
Still fires the heart and brain.

That spirit, still from east to west,  
Which filled the navigator's breast,  
Pervades our native land.

The same unconquerable desire  
Some great achievement to acquire  
Is seen on every hand.

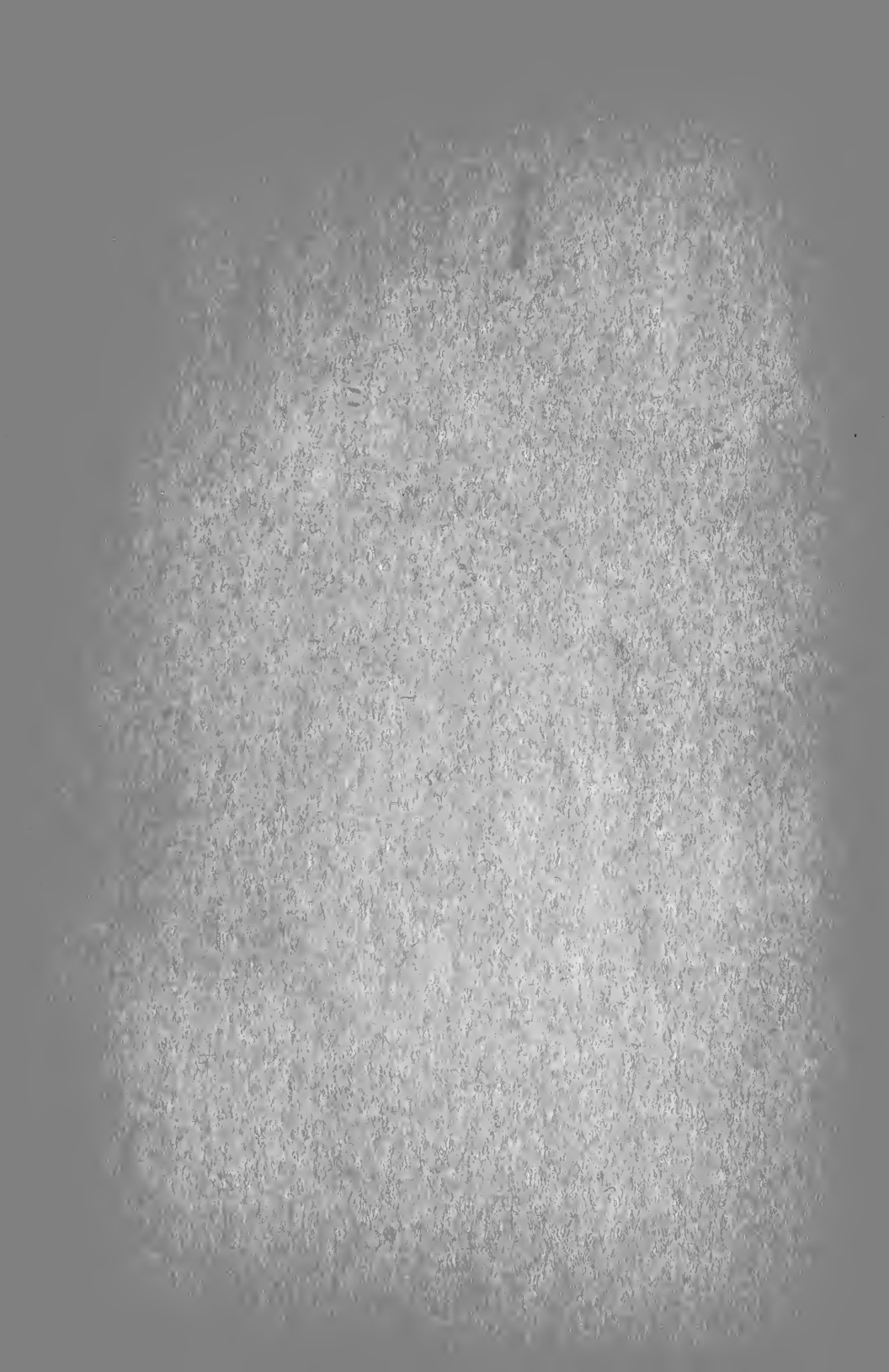
Columbia's sons and daughters true  
With noble courage dare and do  
In every righteous cause ;  
Free are her people as the air  
Which floats her banner, proud and fair,  
For Heaven has shaped her laws.

Columbus was the instrument  
The mighty God of nations sent  
To do His sovereign will,  
He gave to him the clear foresight,  
'Twas He who kept the ships aright  
And safe from every ill.



Dearly we love our own fair land  
And recognize His guiding hand  
    In ordering our ways,  
And may He keep us in His care  
A nation upright just and fair  
    Throughout all coming days.









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